Easyriders

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Easyriders

For the Swinging Biker!

GOVERNMENT APPROVED?

This chopper is being sent to Washington D.C. for Government testing!

Details on page 30

Pullback Handlebars

Limited offer, while they last!

Come in extra lengths in every direction so you can modify width and length. **$9.95 a pair**

For use only with handlebar clamp shown - Sportsters - 74s

Available for first time in 10 years!

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The final touch to your bitchin' chopper. The hip-looking ***Maltese Cross taillight.*** *Note new low price!*

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45 drag type, header pipes

Hip-looking (drag type) header pipes for your 45

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Peanut tank. Steel, and comes in glossy black finish. Tapped at four locations. **$23.95**

Gas cap 2.50

Banana Tanks

Banana tanks are made of steel and come with a glossy black finish. **$24.95**

Gas caps 2.50

Chopper Gas Tanks

Tired of spending $150 for a paint job and having your gas tank spring a leak? Here's a heavy-duty 18-gauge steel tank that should ease your mind a little. Made in the good old U.S.A.—heliarc welded.

2½ gallon capacity. Gas outlets located to accommodate all bikes and get the last drop out.

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Single-cap tank	**$49.95**
Gas cap	2.50
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Gas caps (each)	2.50
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California residents add 5%.

We will ship cheapest way possible to save you money, unless you specify otherwise.

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Easyriders

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TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

A new high! Smoke a surfboard! Two surfers were arrested recently when it was discovered that the marijuana leaf design imbedded in their fiberglass surfboards was the real stuff. They were busted for possession, even though the pot was obviously not smokeable, or was it? Fiberglass and grass—the closest thing I can think of to that is fingernails and grass. (Do you think the police know something that we don't?)

Word of advice: It's a wise monkey who doesn't monkey around with another monkey's monkey's monkey.

Facts you can't live without: In case you've been bothered about this, you can figure out the weight of your head by dividing your weight by 12. Hard to believe, did you know feather counters have determined that ducks have more feathers than chickens? According to the latest count, a mallard is ahead with 11,903, and a Plymouth Rock hen second, with 8,325!

Warning to beard wearers: According to a recent survey among college coeds, one out of every five said they wouldn't go on a date with a dude sporting a beard! Having a beard, I can dig it. For some reason, dikes like smooth faces.

If you ever have to split up a take, just remember, in order to count a million dollars in one-dollar bills, it would take almost seven weeks, based on the bills being counted at the rate of one per second in eight-hour shifts, in five-day work weeks.

Meet the beer-drinking champion: He's Peter Wilcox from Australia. He drank one gallon in six minutes, 45 seconds! Six-foot-two, 219-pound Peter beat the old record by almost a minute and a half!

Bites his best friend: Keep your eye on that wet-nosed "friend" who comes sniffing around with his tail wagging. Dogs employed by the U.S. Customs Bureau have sniffed out, during their first year on the job, 13,000 pounds of grass, 650 pounds of hash, 4,000 joints, 35 pounds of opium, and 300 grams of smack. Judging from these figures, it appears that the dope-head dogs haven't graduated to hard stuff yet—they're still hung up on pot and hash--or do you suppose the boys have gotten to them and convinced them to sniff in the other direction?

A furtive gesture--in this case, leaning over to stuff something under his car seat, following a minor traffic accident--was judged not sufficient reason for police to search a guy's car. The California Supreme Court ruled that police don't have the right to search a car after a minor accident--merely because they believe the driver acted suspiciously. Even though they found a bag of grass under the seat, the fact that the policeman didn't have sufficient cause to suspect that the car was involved in any criminal activity, or that it might contain contraband or weapons, made the discovered pot inadmissible as evidence by the police. They must have strong probable cause to search you, or your car. The fact that they feel you look suspicious is not enough--provided, that is, you're not caught picking your nose while standing inside a bank at three in the morning.

"See—I told ya, no bra! Now that's a brew you owe me!"

Available for the first time!

pistons & rocker arms
removing cylinder head assembly
disassembling cylinder head
replacing valve guides
cylinder head diagram
replacing valve seats
grinding valve faces & seats
lapping valve faces & s
assemb ylinder hea
adjustir
valve g
installir
intake
valve g
exhaust valve rotating mechanism
valve spring testing information
FLH valve springs
hydraulic pushrods
adjusting hydraulic pushrods
servicing hydraulic pushrods
tappet check valve
misc. clearances &
Pump
servicing oil pump
installing oil pump
oil control
oil pump charges
late oil pump
oil pump flow diagra
48-1954 Lower End D
sassembling Lower Er
installing timing gears
installing timing gear c
1948-1954 gear & crank
procedures
truing & sizing main bea
races
fitting main bearings
servicing flywheels & inst
crankpan
truing & sizing connectin
lower races
determining correct lower
bearing fit
assembling connecting rods
flywheels
truing flywheels
assemblin

Corrected and updated

drilling procedures
connecting rod roller & retaine
size chart
engine fitting specifications
servicing pinion shaft rollers
pinion shaft assembly diagram
1955-1957 oil pump diagram
1953-1957 Valve Tappets & Guide
1954-1957 Gear Case Diagram
1954-1957 Gear Case Timing Case
1955-1957 Crankcase
55-1957 Complete Lower End Procedures
engine fitting data '55 & later
roller be
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fuel s
fuel t
Trouble
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carbu
transn
brake
General
Lubricat
gear shifte

specification chart for carburetor
float bowl
adjusting carburetor on engine
carburetor conversions
manifold
carbureto cifications
neral
ssembling clutch
cleaning & inspecting clutch
assembling clutch
disassembling starter
lubrication front chain
lubrication rear chain
repairing drive ch

assembling starter
disassembling starter clutch
cleaning & inspecting ter
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cover
main drive gear oil
seal
removing shifter cover
disassembling shifter cover
cleaning & inspection shifter
cover
assembling shifter

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& inspection shifter
forks
assembling shifter forks
disassembling gear box
counter shaft assembly diagra
disassembling mainshaft
disassembling main drive gea
assembling main drive gear
assembling main shaft
assembling counter shaft
transmission vent screw
Wheels
general

Authentic, original service instructions by Harley-Davidson

wheels
removing

Everything from A to Z—Complete service information

installing Forks
springers
Fork Frame & Handlebar Align
rough check

Illustrated

shock
Glide Forks
general
changing oil
glide fork diagram
glide fork diagram (adjustable
disassembling

For OHV Twin Models—1948 -1957

servicing fork
straightening fork tubes
straightening fork stem & brac
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ssembling fork
ssembling fork (adjustable)
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1948-1957 Rigid

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ger brake diagram
brake diagram
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servicing rear & springer bra
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lubrication
winter lubrication

cooled
diagram
model 48 2 brush fan cooled
generator diagram
model 51 '52 & later 2 brush fan

generator diagram
e shooting & repairing
erator
ing generator
field coils & brush holders
embled
embling generator
armature
g down commutator
cutting commutator
embling generator
bling generator to engine
ator charging rate
cing generator brushes
ng commutator
ating commutator end
ature bearing
cut out relay

Knucklehead Service Manual

for the OHV 61 and 74 cubic inch engines and the side valve 74 and 80 cubic inch engines

$9.95

Harley 45 Service Manual ***$7.50***

Send your orders to:

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WORDMONGER'S WORD-HOARD

Smiley Screwed Up

☐ Smiley, you old turd, did you rip off my subscription money to buy some good stuff? Don't give me any jiveass excuses — just send me my subscription.

I had to go out and steal the December issue from the home for the mentally retarded. So get with it.

J. D. Ennis
Sweetfingers Choppers
Yakima, Washington

■ Smiley is always trying to save a buck. His latest experiment of having trained chimpanzees run the subscription department failed, after they found his stash and went ape. All subs are now handled by a professional mailing company, and the chimps work for Spider — who gave 'em all crew-type haircuts and has them all making runs to Mexico.

Good For Something

☐ Your mag's great for soaking up oil drips from my primary. I also use it to stuff in my ears, so I can't hear my ol' lady bitchin' at me.

George Seymour
San Francisco, Calif.

■ With good ol' Milwaukee iron-juice dripping out of your ears and onto your shirt—she's got a right to bitch.

One of Us

☐ I have never seen any choppers as beautiful as those featured in your magazine, and I've never been on a chopper in my life. But someday I hope to have enough money to make one, so I hope you're not offended if I think of myself as one of you.

Craig Byer
Farmington, Minn.

■ You can be one of us as long as you uphold the chopper image by saying three Hail Harleys before every meal, and promise not to be selfish with your toe-jam.

Choppers in Africa (Africa?)

☐ For many months I have sorta put off the idea of chopping my bike—that is, until I saw **Easyriders.** Your mag is by far the best of all the bike books in South Africa. I have a lot of questions about chopping my bike, and I'm wondering if any of your readers would be willing to correspond with me.

Trevor Leak
Enpangeni Caravan Park
Box 365, Enpangeni,
Zululand, South Africa

■ Remember, you asked for it. If our mail is any indication, you'll never know what to expect. Oh yeah, Spider's chimps said to tell their jungle buddies hello.

Anti-Chopper Cops In Africa Too!

☐ Man, it's great to see, at last, a cool magazine that the ratshit censors in this hole have not barred. It really makes you eater (sic) to see how anti-chopper the "bove" (fuzz) are here. Anyhow, don't let letters from mothers bother you. Cheers.

Jerry Stark
Port Elizabeth,
South Africa

■ I remember when rock music was banned, and after enough years it became accepted. I believe the same is true of choppers. They are being hassled everywhere—all over the world —just as rock music was, but if we don't toss in the towel, we'll win, and I don't mean we have to go the squeaky-clean, Pat-Boone-white-buck-shoes route either. So hang in there Jerry — and by the way, meet Trevor.

But It's Worth It

☐ Jezus, three hard-earned bucks for a lousy subscription — and I mean hard-earned. I had to roll a 240-pound longshoreman to get it!

Bob Slerandi
Port Arthur, Texas

Just a Small Favor

☐ Would you please do me and my kind a small favor? Would you run one page an issue on a dresser? Wait! Don't throw this letter away yet—at least finish reading it.

I know it's against your policy, but look at it from my side—I like dressers. I have one, but that doesn't make me hate choppers—so why should you chopper freaks hate dressers?

M. L. Bradley
Lawrence, Mass.

■ Hey, you've got us all wrong. We don't hate dressers, it's just that they—ulp! —excuse me a moment. .

. . . .

. . . .

. . it's just that they make me sick!

Honda Freak Flexes

☐ Don't you think it's about time you sick guys got off cloud nine? Harleys and Triumphs are oil-leaking , antiquated pieces of junk. They are slow for their size, and crude for their price. I have walked all over them with my 450 Honda —that's right, Honda.

Long hair, drugs, filth and Harleys are not requirements to be masculine, and anyone that thinks so has a psychological problem.

G. M.
Allen Park, Maine

■ You ought to tell your mommy not to tell you scarey bedtime stories, because her little snookums tends to believe them. While you're on her lap, tell her you want to pick out your own motorbike, the next time, because her little lambkins has defensive fantasies as a result of feeling so inferior.

Now, we know you love your little mommy, so don't cry and act horrible. It was an honest mistake — how would a square little mommy know better than to buy her lambypie a Jap bike? You be nice to her, and someday, when you can be trusted with a pencil, she'll teach you how to spell your name — then you'll be a big boy, and won't have to sign your notes with just two letters. Won't that be nice?

Booze Fighters Ride Again!

☐ Here are my three bills for your rag — I'm housebreaking my dog.

Now that I have your attention, tell me, weren't the original Booze Fighters from Southern California? I've heard they were around a long time before the "Wild Ones." Please let me know—for if I'm right, I win a guy's ol' lady for three days.

Hippie Doug
Gary, Indiana

■ Enjoy her; the Booze Fighters was a Southern California club, and probably the granddaddy of all outlaw bike clubs. The Booze Fighters got started around 1938 and were at their peak when they were the major force, along with the Galloping Gooses, 13 Rebels, Satan's Sinners, and Satan's Daughters that took over the town of Hollister, California, in 1947. That "raid," as it was called by **Life** magazine, later became the basis for the motion picture **The Wild Ones.**

The "Beer Run" article in this issue is a fictionalized version of two different Booze Fighter events that actually happened during the early fifties.

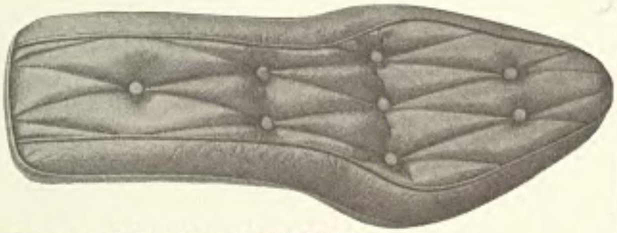
—Continued on next page

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their mistakes? Want to give a well deserved pat on the—back? Poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, and demands for payment, may all be sent to Wordmonger, Easyriders *Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740*

Cobra Seats

(Originals, not imitations)

Universal seats—will fit all bikes
Quality-covered on a steel plate
High-density foam—does not lose its shape
Simple to install—your mother could do it!
High-quality black naugahyde Heavily padded



Diamond Leatherette $39.95

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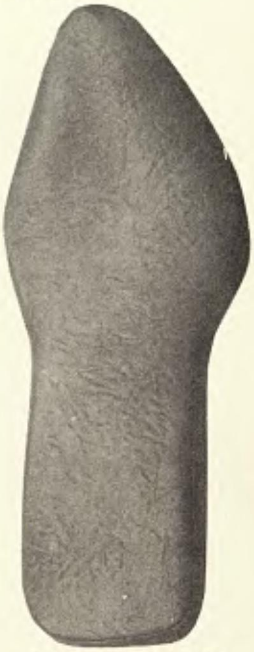
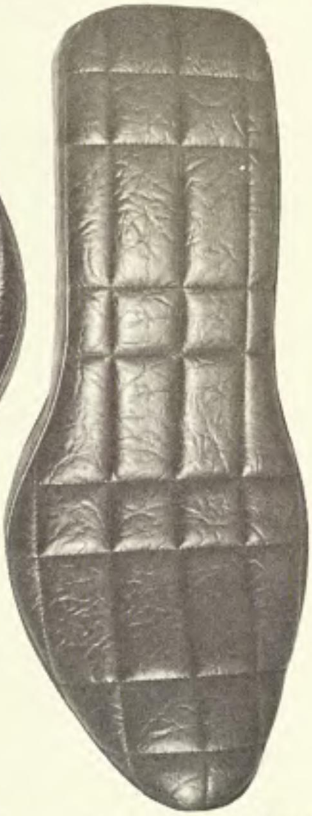


A Wasp $34.95 B

Standard $29.95



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Square Stitch $32.95

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(Also available without hump)

Note: No increase in price for hump in either style. Be sure to specify whether you want hump or not

Diamond Highback $44.95

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"If only I had this book before I started shackin' with my present orangutan!"

-Spider

Contained in this book are actual interviews with 25 beautiful girls. They tell you — *in their very own words* — exactly what it takes to pick them up.

It's easy to handle girls once you've been introduced to them. But what if there's no one around to introduce you? If the girl of your dreams is a gorgeous stranger you see walking down the street?

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has all the answers. Here are just a few of the surefire techniques you can learn and master:

How to make shyness work for you
How to be sexy
Best places to meet girls
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Why women are dying to meet you
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Send for your copy right away. Within days, you can actually be picking up beautiful girls. This is a serious how-to-do-it book, published by the famous Northern Valley Co. of New York.

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91503

Enclosed is $7.95. Rush me my copy of HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS right away.

Name________________

Address________________

City________ State________ Zip______

Women's Lib Arise!

☐ You cocks (a male equivalent for "chicks") should really move into the 20th century in your attitude toward women. You hold the antiquated view of women as chattel—udders and all! The view of women that you express is one of a mindless, bike-loving, balling machine — not a human being.

In reaction to your **Playboy**-type nude centerspreads, why not treat us female bikers with a spread of a male biker? The muscleman on the back cover of your recent issues was nice. He sure was a beauty. The woman appeared to be strong, hence I understand the caption, "Strength and Beauty."

I have liked bikes for a long time. My husband never did until I turned him onto them. If I had "kept my place," and "kept my mouth shut," he wouldn't be enjoying bikes today. I noticed that Electric Bob's wife turned him onto bikes also. It appears that a sharing relationship between a man and a woman is much richer than a slave/master situation.

I suppose, though, there will always be the woman who will be some man's "chick" — allowing her exploitation and a general dehumanizing relationship to be possible. Well, I guess, if it makes her happy . . . .

Janice Maddox Meyer
Tallahassee, Florida

■ Each man has his own way of viewing his relationship with women. Because of this, I can only respond for myself, which I do below with the words of John Gay from "The Beggar's Opera." Perhaps some of our readers will write, giving their views.

"Fill ev'ry glass, for wine
inspires us,
And fires us
With courage, love and
joy.
Women and wine should
life employ.
Is there ought else on
earth desirous?

He's Got Problems

☐ Christ! Talk about being a loser. I went and bought the "How To Pick Up Girls" book advertised in your magazine—hoping for some fresh approaches — and it turned out that twenty-four of the beautiful broads were ex-ol' ladies, and the twenty-fifth—yeah, my sister. Hell, they used all my best lines too!

Name withheld pending
alimony payments.
Topeka, Kansas

What's Happening?

☐ I wonder what in the hell is happening. Everywhere I go I see kids sitting as far back as they can get on their 350 yamagoochys (with four-foot sissy bars), apparently playing the part of some movie cycle tramp.

They don't know their ass from left field about riding, as they weave in and out of traffic—more often than not with feet on highway pegs (in city traffic!)—all turned on by the irritating screeching noise of their expansion chambers (remember when kids used to put playing cards on their bicycles, so the spokes would click-clack as they pretended their bikes were motorcycles?), not giving a damn about the effect their racket has on people who have to listen to them go past.

What bugs me is not only that these adolescent morons contribute to—or rather, are the basic cause of repressive anti-bike laws, but that the straight person groups me with those assholes—just because I ride a chopper. The average guy doesn't know the difference, so we all have to pay for the punk's lack of brains, and his excesses.

John Pippins
San Diego, Calif.

■ We've got to stop the punks from screwing it up for the rest of us. For example, a yo-yo was getting his gun by blasting up and down a residential street where I live. The high-pitched, piercing blast from his expansion chambers was so irritating that it made me want to punch the guy out for being so damned dumb.

Once, twice, three times, he shot by my house. The third time did it. I went out and waited for him to go by again. As he did, I flagged him down. When he stopped, I, with considerable restraint, reminded him that he, and guys like him, were screwing it up for all bikers. That his noisy dirt bike didn't belong in a quiet residential district. That by irritating people, he was forcing little old ladies to press for stricter muffler laws to do away with him and his kind—but the trouble was, the laws usually affected everyone — the innocent as well as the guilty. That punks on yamagoochys who have to wind up tight in every gear, just to stay up with traffic, really bug people with their noise.

I was set to let fly at the slightest hint of lip—Captain America helmet or not — but to my surprise, he understood. He just hadn't considered the fact that he was bugging people.

The point is, we all should do some policing (excuse the expression) and stop the punks we see doing dumb things—for their acts are, as you said, the primary cause of repressive laws that affect us all. Talk to him. Make him realize what he is doing to everyone. If talking doesn't work —persuade him.

On Black Market?

☐ A few weeks ago, while ripped, I putted down an alley, and trying to avoid some broken glass, I dumped my bike and broke my arm. The next day I found that if I had made it to the newsstand to buy **Easyriders,** which is where I was headed, I would have been about three weeks too early. How's that for a kick in the ass?

Ray
Long Beach, Calif.

■ Whatsamatter, Ray, your numbers screwed up? Why are you slithering through alleys? Or is **Easyriders** on the black market in your area?

An Encouraging Word From Belgium

☐ I thought you would like to know that your great magazine is selling quite well over here.

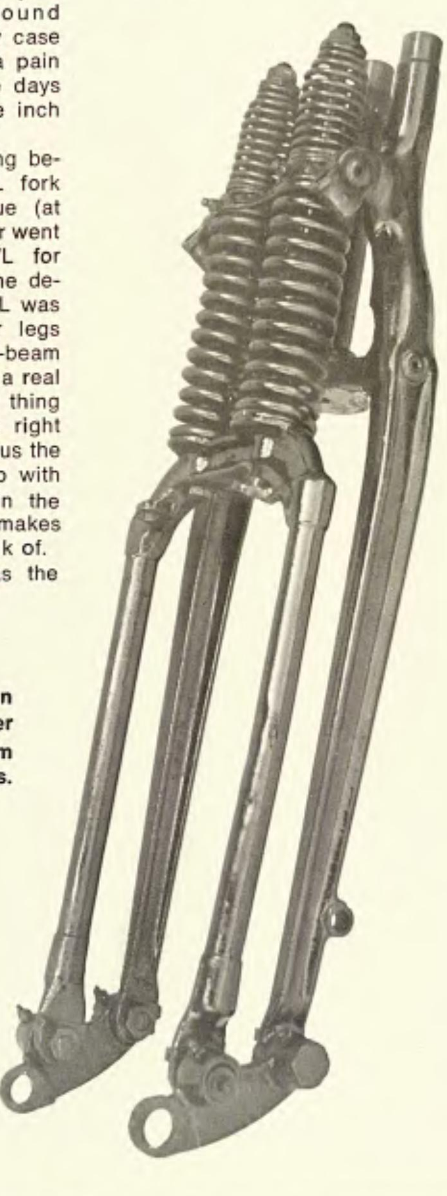
Micholt Yvan
Broektraat, 11
Leuven, Belgium

The
VL Fork
— the "in" fork of the 50's

At one time, the VL springer was a very popular item. Everyone was striving to make a bike a little different from the next guy's, and there weren't any custom parts like new narrow springers and what-have-you to work with. So, if you had a VL front end, your chop was different from most; and besides, you gained an inch of ground clearance. (Primary case dragging was always a pain in the ass back in the days of stock forks, and the inch helped a little.)

When fork-extending became popular, the VL fork started losing its value (at one time a used springer went for around $35; a VL for $150). The reason for the decline in value of the VL was the fact that the rear legs were of forged-steel I-beam construction, making it a real bummer to extend the thing and still have it look right when you were done, plus the fact that you ended up with a butt-welded splice in the middle of your fork — makes me shudder just to think of.

Another problem was the fork stem: you had to change the stem to a regular springer stem, because the VL stem was too big to fit through any frame other than the flathead VL frame it was built for. (There was such a thing as an RL springer, which fit 45 flatheads and looked just like the VL.) ■



The obvious distinction of the VL springer is the I-beam rear legs.

Lock It Up!

Protect your most valuable possession (your bike, of course) with an **Atlas Chain/Lock** belt.

Forget your fears of your bike being ripped off. Chain it to a tree, a pole, or any stationary object with this hardened ⅜" chain and revolutionary anti-crowbar, circular, hardened steel lock, and then snicker in contentment.

When not using it to chain your bike down—you can wear the **Atlas Chain/Lock** as a belt—a massive, rugged, chrome plated belt.

No longer is it necessary to scratch or chip your bike's paint by wrapping the chain around the frame, or screwing up the looks of everything by wrapping it around the sissy bar when not in use. **You** wear it instead of your bike.

Check these features:

- ✔ **One of the toughest chains you can buy. Four feet of ⅜", snip-proof, chromed chain.**
- ✔ **Revolutionary, German-designed circular lock that is heavy steel welded—without rivets and seams, double bolted shackle, and has all inner parts cadmium plated with the outside chrome plated—completely rust proof.**
- ✔ **Chain and lock weigh 7½ pounds. Less expensive than other chains advertized, yet has the added benefits of the entirely new police recommended lock design, chrome plating, and dual purpose of lock and belt.**

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

Atlas Chain/Lock
Box 3536,
Glendale, California 91201

Please send me the fantastic Atlas Chain/Lock. I have enclosed $________ in cash, check or money order. (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

I understand that if within 10 days I am not completely satisfied, then my money will be refunded. Personal checks must clear before we will ship. Allow 4 weeks.

Atlas Chain/Lock	**$12.95**
Additional for chrome	**7.50**
Postage and handling	**2.50**
California residents add 5% **Total cost**	**$22.95**

Send Atlas Chain/Lock to:

Name________________

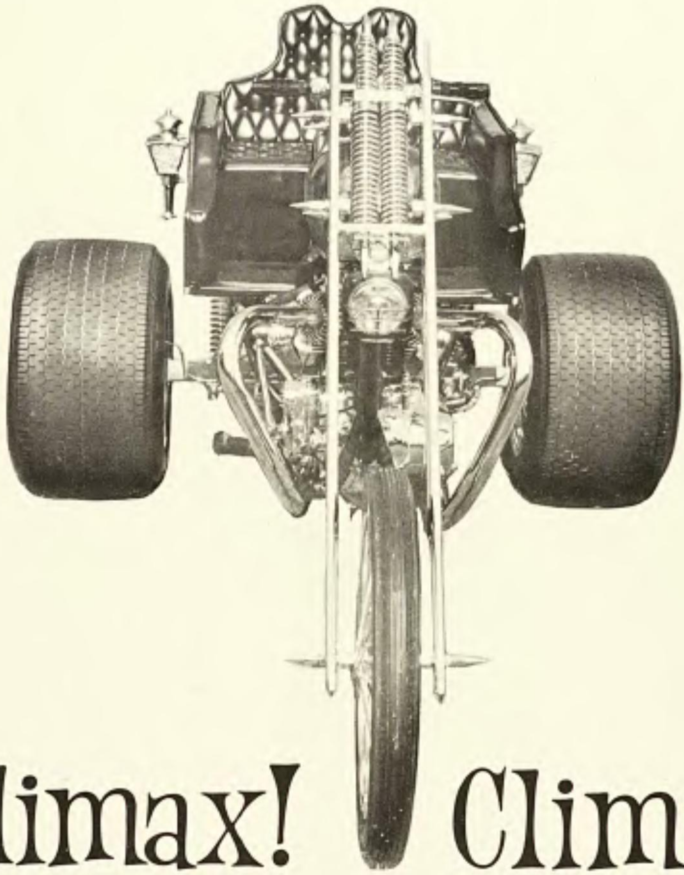
Address________________

City________________

State________________ Zip________

(Please print and be sure to include zip)

Photos and story by Jake



Climax! Climax!

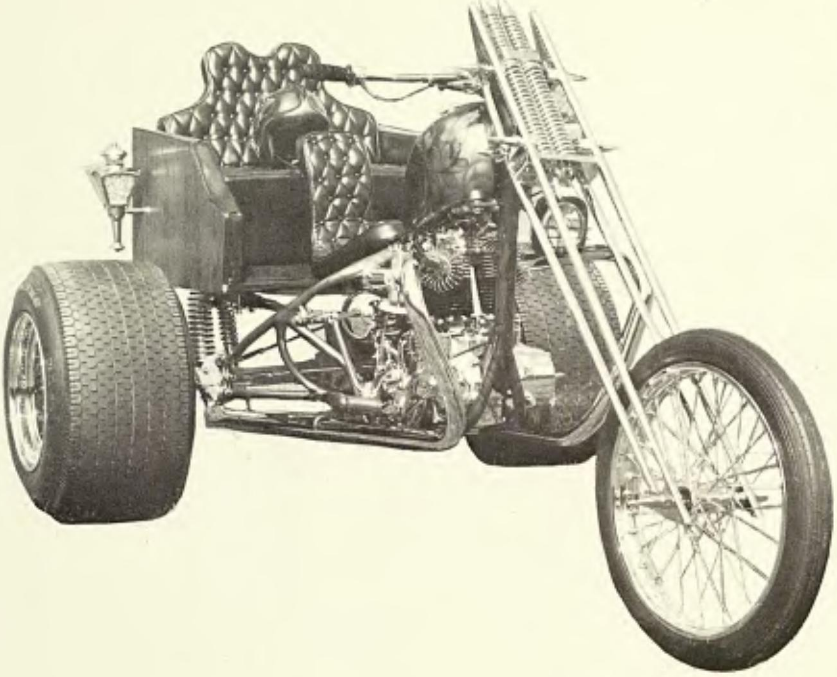
Three-wheelers are always great to take on a jam; plenty of space to haul spare parts, booze, tools, and other necessities for a stone run.

But while the old dependable 45-inch flathead has a lot of soul, it sorta lacks it in the muscle department. Some of the answers to that problem have been sholveltrikes, knuckletrikes, and even Honda trikes. Now here is one for those of you with a soft spot in their heads for Limeys. It's Frank Camden's Trumpet wheeler.

Frank's home town, Detroit, is a very savvy bike town that has produced such chopper luminaries as Electric Bob, Yosemite Sam, and Ron Finch. Needless to say, building a custom in Motown that will turn the heads of the jaded local types is a tall order, but Frank somehow did the trike . . . er . . . trick.

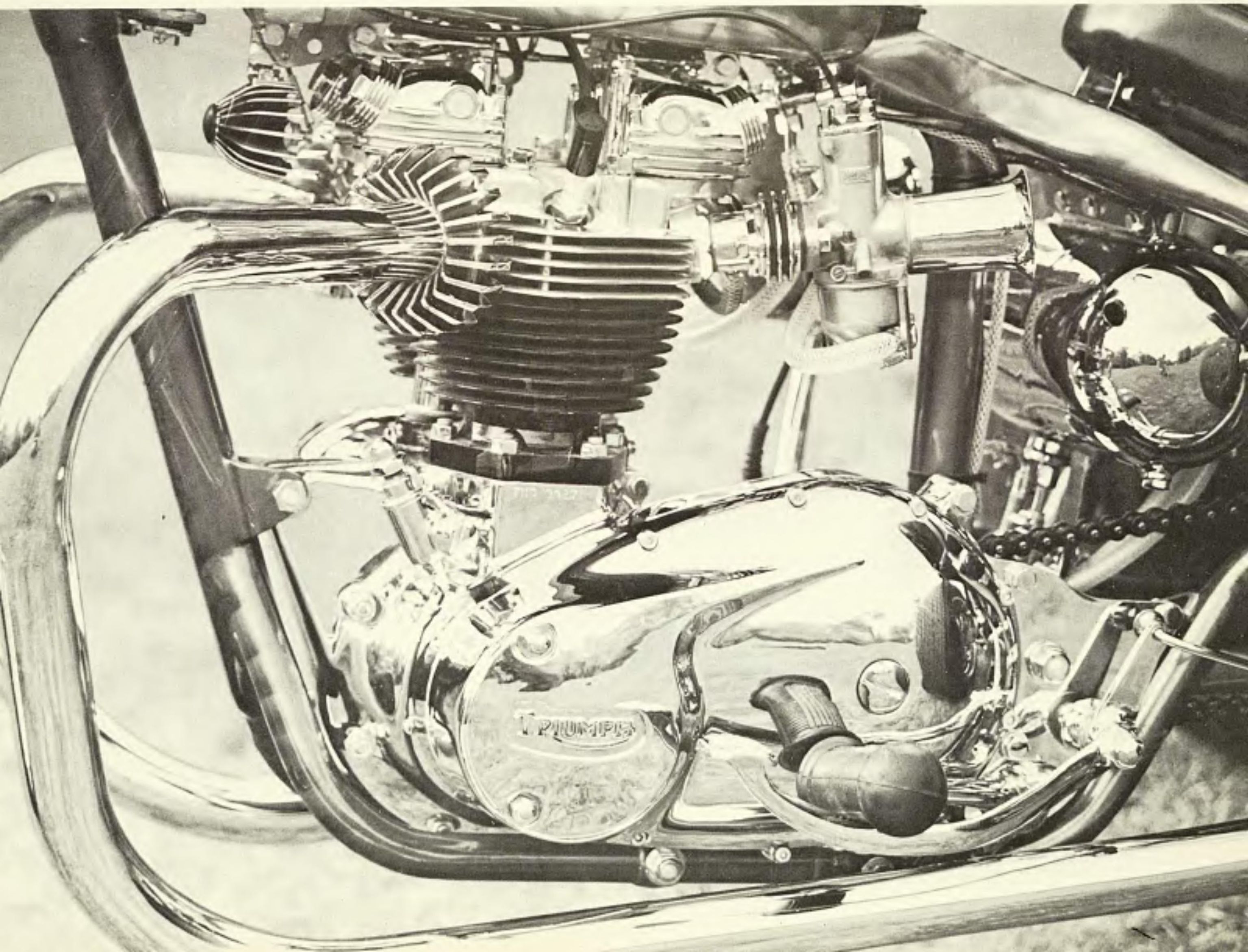
For what they call "show points," all the engine crankcases, covers, nuts, and whatsis, were whisked away to the labs of Gem Plating where by some strange alchemy* they were transmuted from dull steel and aluminum into glistening chrome. The hybrid Triumph-Harley Camden frame appeared at the "In" box of Yosemite Sam's Paint Shack, where it was slated for the usual super-trick paint and styling job. **Usual** meaning molded and painted glass-smooth even in the far reaches you can't even feel, let alone see. Further concessions for show freaks included a yellow velvetized rear axle, hidden electrics (inside the custom made seat box) and a one-off

*Power of the buck—Editor.



Trump Trike Triggers Tremendous Throb Traveling Through Town!

(Motown, that is)

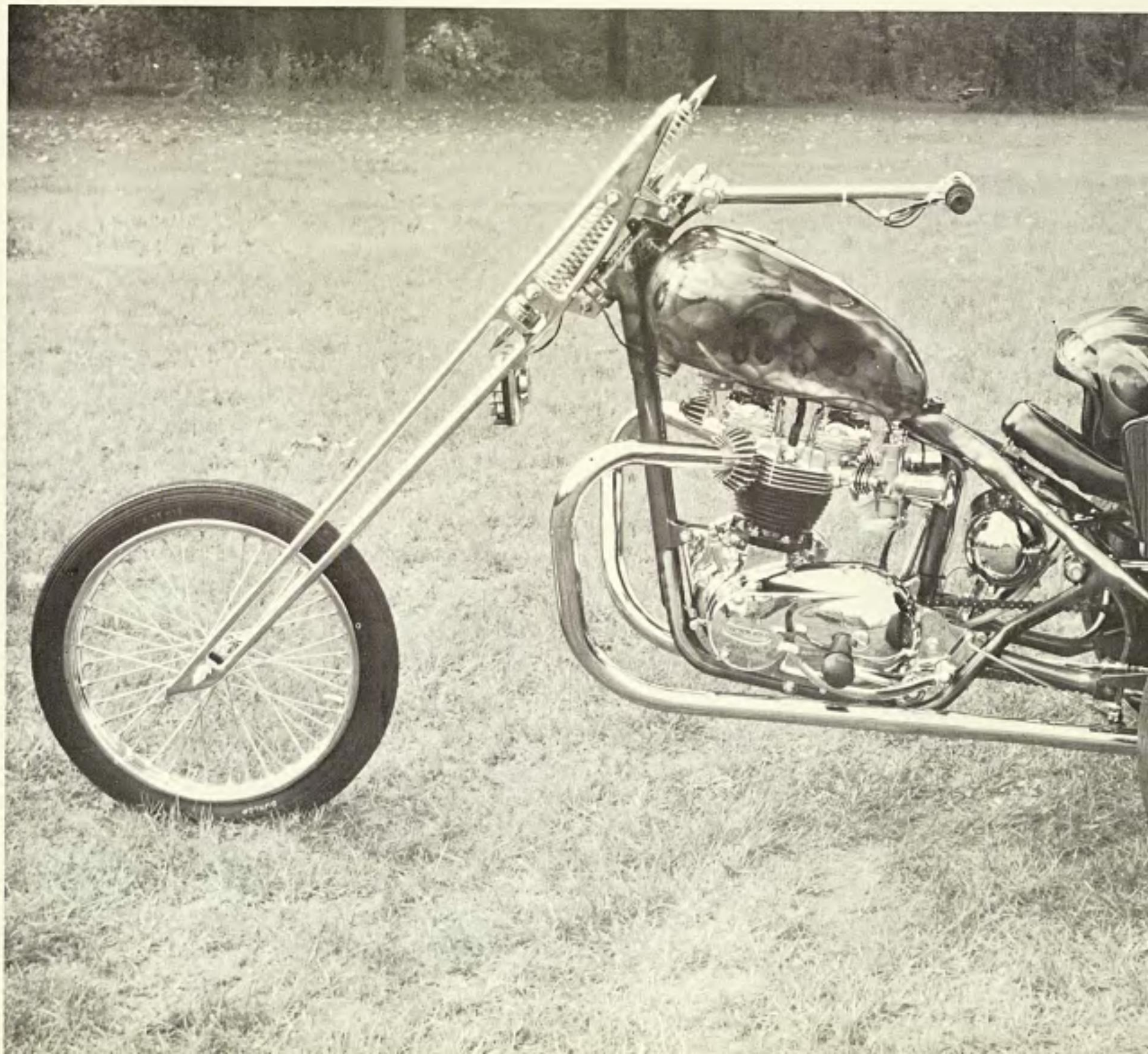


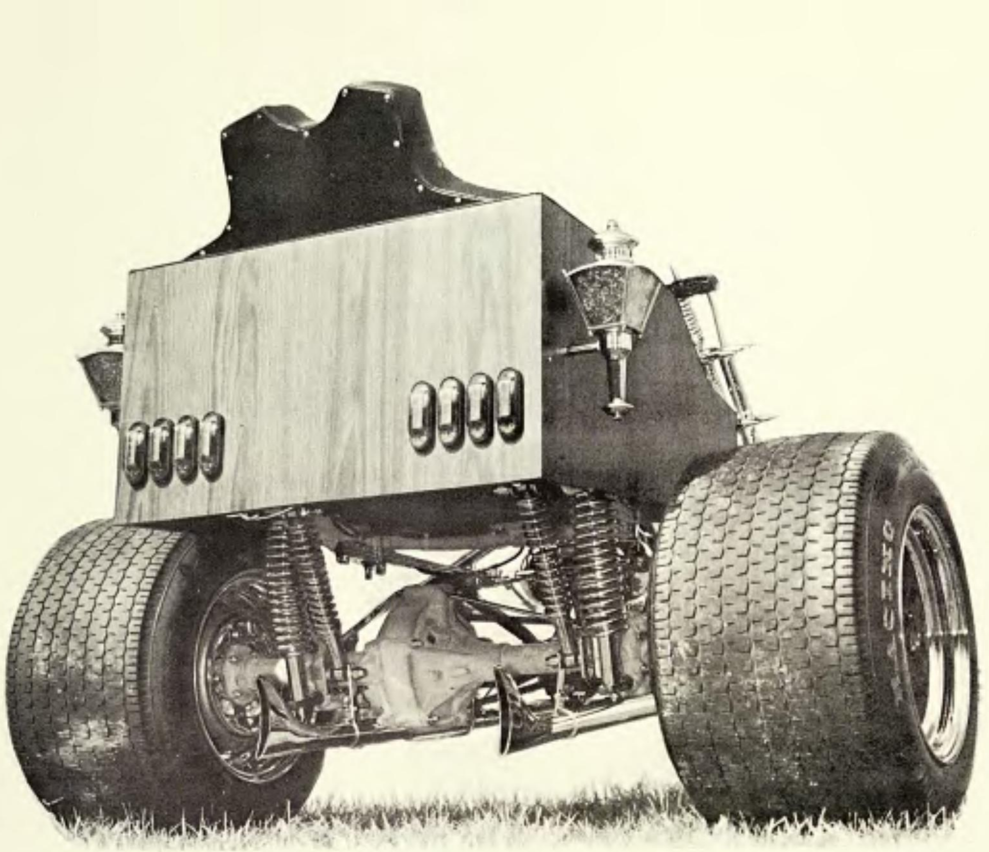
exhaust system.

But, you see, that's only half the story, because while all the cosmetics took place, Frank was doing those little things that guarantee that his creation can be ridden daily on Eight Mile Road, I-95, or wherever. A special tank was made from sections of an aqualung; its huge eight-quart oil supply keeps the Triumph internals cool during notorious Detroit tie-ups. The Harley rear suspension was beefed with Girling dampers, and the brakes were fitted with fade-resistant sintered metallic linings.

The engine, having previously blown its gizzard, was sown with new wild-oat innards including big valves, alloy pushrods, a ported and polished head, and a 10.5:1 Routt 750 kit. The whole operation sucks its gas from a big TR-6 tank that never seems to run dry. Tank up, and that's it for the day.

The name? Well, you might say that Frank's trike is the Climax of 18 months of hard work. But we suspect that it also means, to phrase it politely (remember, this here is a high-class rag), that even jaded Motown bike freaks lose their . . . er . . . ah . . . self control when they see it roar by.





Owner: Frank Camden

General

- Fabrication by: owner
- Year & make: 1963 Triumph/53 H-D
- Model: Bonneville 650
- Value: $5600
- Time: 18 months
- Assembly: owner
- Chroming: Gem Plating, Detroit

Engine

- Year: 1963
- Model: Bonneville
- Builder: owner and Pete's Custom Cycle
- Displacement: 46 cu. ft. (Routt 750cc kit)
- Cam: Harmon & Collins #9 (.392 in. lift)
- Lifters: Lightened and offset
- Carb(s): 1¼ in. Amal concentrics
- Clutch: Barnett
- Pipes: custom made
- Mufflers: Harley Fishtails
- Stacks: none

Frame

- Year: '63 Trump and '53 H-D
- Rake: ½ inch
- Rear susp.: Servicar, reversed
- Bars: Custom ⅞ in. T-bars
- Tank: TR-6 touring tank
- Seat: Zip Seats, Detroit
- Material: Tufted naugahyde
- Sissy Bar: none

Forks

- Type: New girder type springer
- Extension: 14 in.
- Builder: Panic Enterprises, Detroit

Painting

- Molding: Yosemite Sam's, Detroit
- Painting: Yosemite Sam's, Detroit
- Color: candy over pearl and flake
- Type: lacquer

Tires

- Front: Dunlop 3.00 x 19 in.
- Rear: Bridgestone racing 6.00 x 14 i

Wheels

- Front: 18 in. Hallcraft Spool. Rear: 14 in. Appliance Deep Chrome—reversed

Here's a few words from Mutha Goose

by Hard Times

The Shoe

There was an old biker who lived in a shoe;
He had so many choppers, he didn't know what to do.
So he went down to Oakland, burned two or three more,
And opened him up a used chopper store.

Sonny Ride Nimble

Sonny ride nimble; Sonny ride quick,
Sonny can ditch the Fuzz real slick.

Old Mutha Joe Foxx

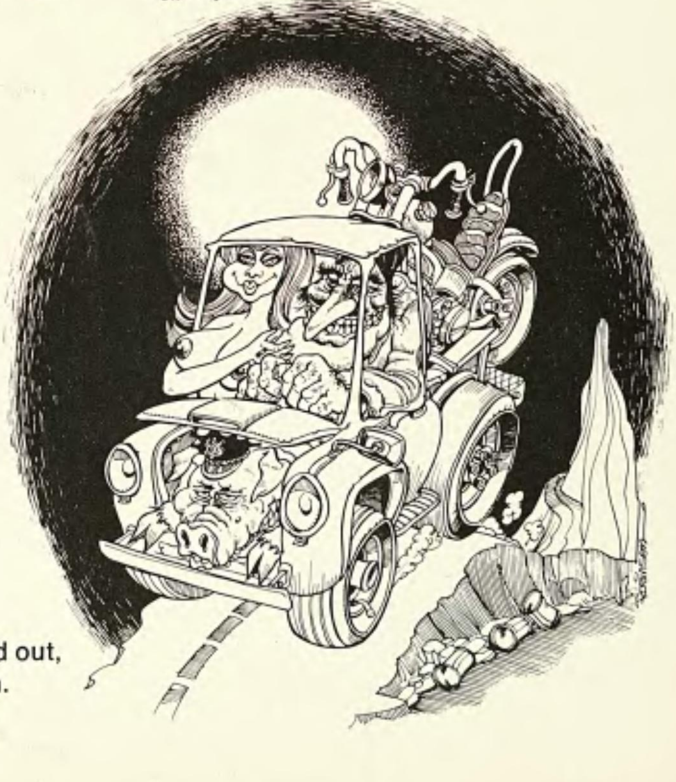
Old mutha Joe Foxx went to the icebox
To get all the gang some brew.
But when he got there, the icebox was bare,
So he got stomped by the whole mutha crew.

Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory Dickory Dock
The chopper ran 'round the block.
He started to run
With a Honda, for fun,
And got shut down, which was really a shock.

Jack & Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To burn a Hawg from The Man.
The Plainclothes Squad had one all staked out,
Now they're both spending time in the can.



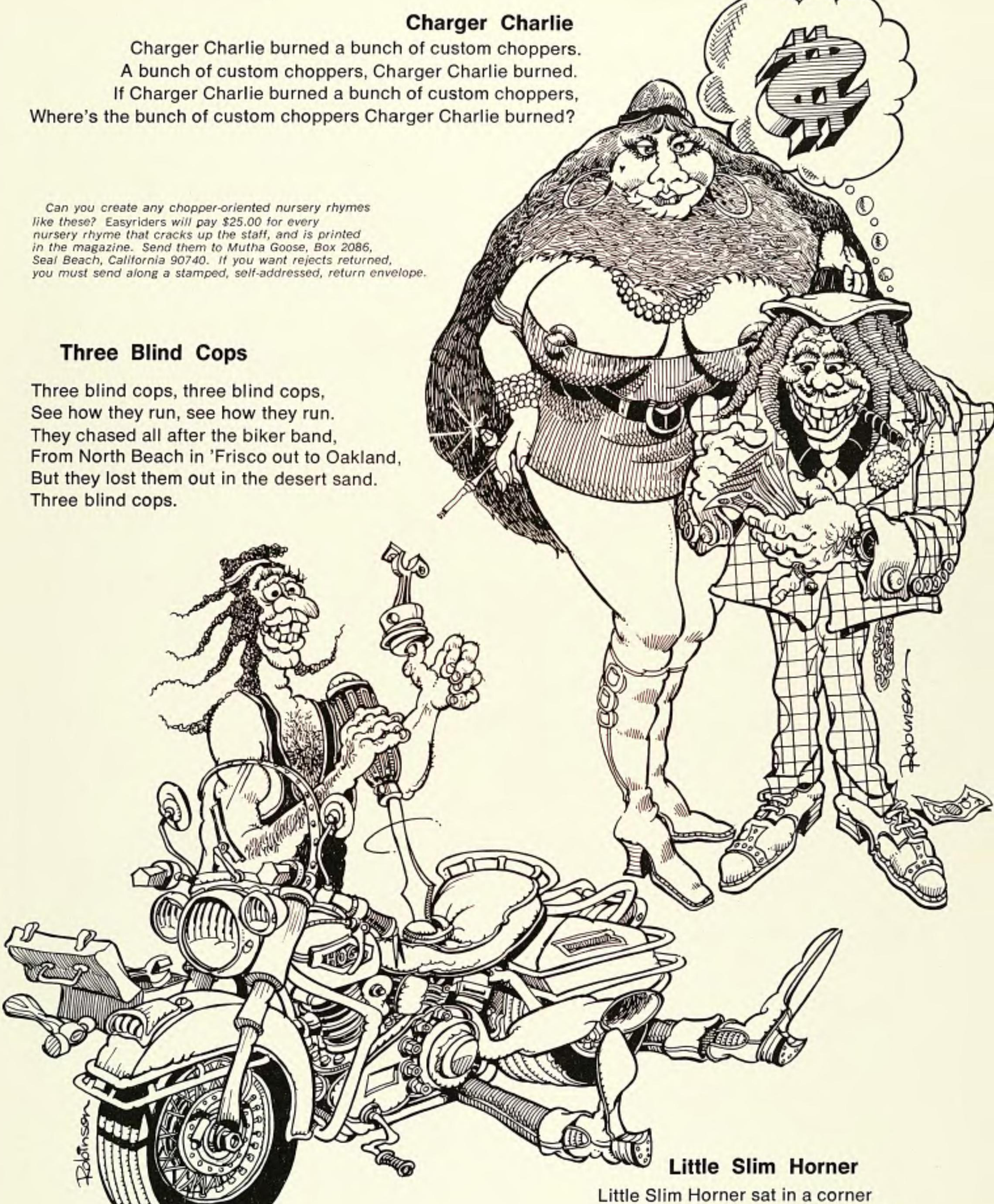
Charger Charlie

Charger Charlie burned a bunch of custom choppers.
A bunch of custom choppers, Charger Charlie burned.
If Charger Charlie burned a bunch of custom choppers,
Where's the bunch of custom choppers Charger Charlie burned?

Can you create any chopper-oriented nursery rhymes like these? Easyriders will pay $25.00 for every nursery rhyme that cracks up the staff, and is printed in the magazine. Send them to Mutha Goose, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. If you want rejects returned, you must send along a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope.

Three Blind Cops

Three blind cops, three blind cops,
See how they run, see how they run.
They chased all after the biker band,
From North Beach in 'Frisco out to Oakland,
But they lost them out in the desert sand.
Three blind cops.



Little Slim Horner

Little Slim Horner sat in a corner
And worked on a Hawg with a smile.
He said, "If I chop it, it'll sell at a profit."
And his money stacked up in a pile.

Different Strokes for Different Folks (Part VI)

Most guys misunderstand just what it is that light flywheels will do for engine performance. Because lightening of valve train components (such as valves, push-rods, cam follower) is effective in gaining additional rpm, it is taken for fact that a light set of fly-wheels will give the same effect. This is **not** true.

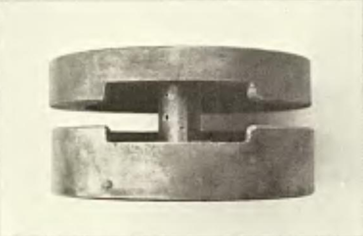
Light flywheels will not gain you any additional r's; what they will do is allow you to get your r's quicker. For example, let's say you have an engine that turns 7000 rpm max, and from a 1000-rpm idle it takes two seconds for the engine to reach 7000. Now, without changing any other components, you lighten the flywheels. The engine will still only turn 7000 max, but now when you crank wide open from 1000 it takes only **one** second to reach the 7000. (The figures used here are for the purpose of explaining the overall effect of light wheels; they are not intended for use as a guideline of what the actual benefits would be.)

I think the reason for light fly-wheels is obvious. You and a buddy are out riding. You have identical bikes: same goodies in the engine, same gears, same total weight. The only difference is that your buddy has lighter flywheels than you do. So you decide to get on the ex-pressway. You both crank on at the same time to get up to cruising speed. Result: you lose buckwheat. Why? Because his engine gained r's quicker. Both bikes topped out at 130 mph at 7000 rpm, but he was an eighth of a mile ahead of you when you finally got wound up to 7000. Because he was going faster sooner, on a declining scale, he covered more ground in a given amount of time.

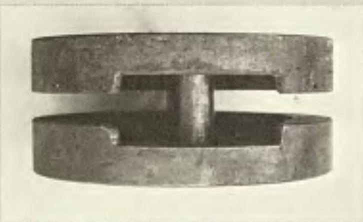
So why the hell doesn't the factory just put light wheels in stock machines? The answer to this comes under the heading of "You can't have your stash and smoke it too." The purpose of a crank is to take a source of power that is being hammered up and down (the piston) and convert it to power that goes around in circles (your wheels). The purpose of a flywheel is to store and smooth out this power; and the heavier the fly-wheel, the better it does its job.

What this means to you is: (1) with light wheels you may have to get up a few more revs before letting your clutch out; (2) you'll be downshifting rather than lugging your engine; (3) you'll feel the pulsation of your engine more at a steady throttle. (1) and (2) can be overcome with big inches and horsepower to a point where they don't even exist; (3) will only be added to by inches and horses. But to my way of thinking, there's a hell of a difference between pulsation and vibration, even though both are definite opposites of smooth. I can live with a pulsating feel to a bike, but vibration drives me up the wall.

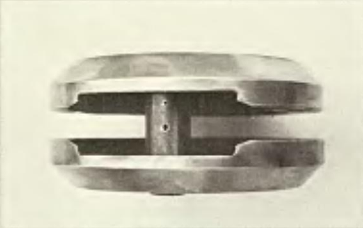
There are several ways to get light wheels into your engine. You can buy a set of new wheels, which come in all different shapes, sizes, and metals from many different manufacturers; or you can run two right-side wheels; or you can just start whittling on your stock ones. But if you start whittling, use your head, don't get so close to crank-pins and what-have-you that you'll cause a failure. And keep in mind that your wheels have to be in balance when you get through. Whenever you start removing more metal from one side of the wheel than from the other, the balancer is going to have to drill holes opposite to bring them back into balance and if you're not careful, you can make his job impossible (see photo). ■



Stock flywheel.



Two right-side wheels.



Shaved flywheel.

Weight removing must be in balance. Do not machine into this counterbalance.

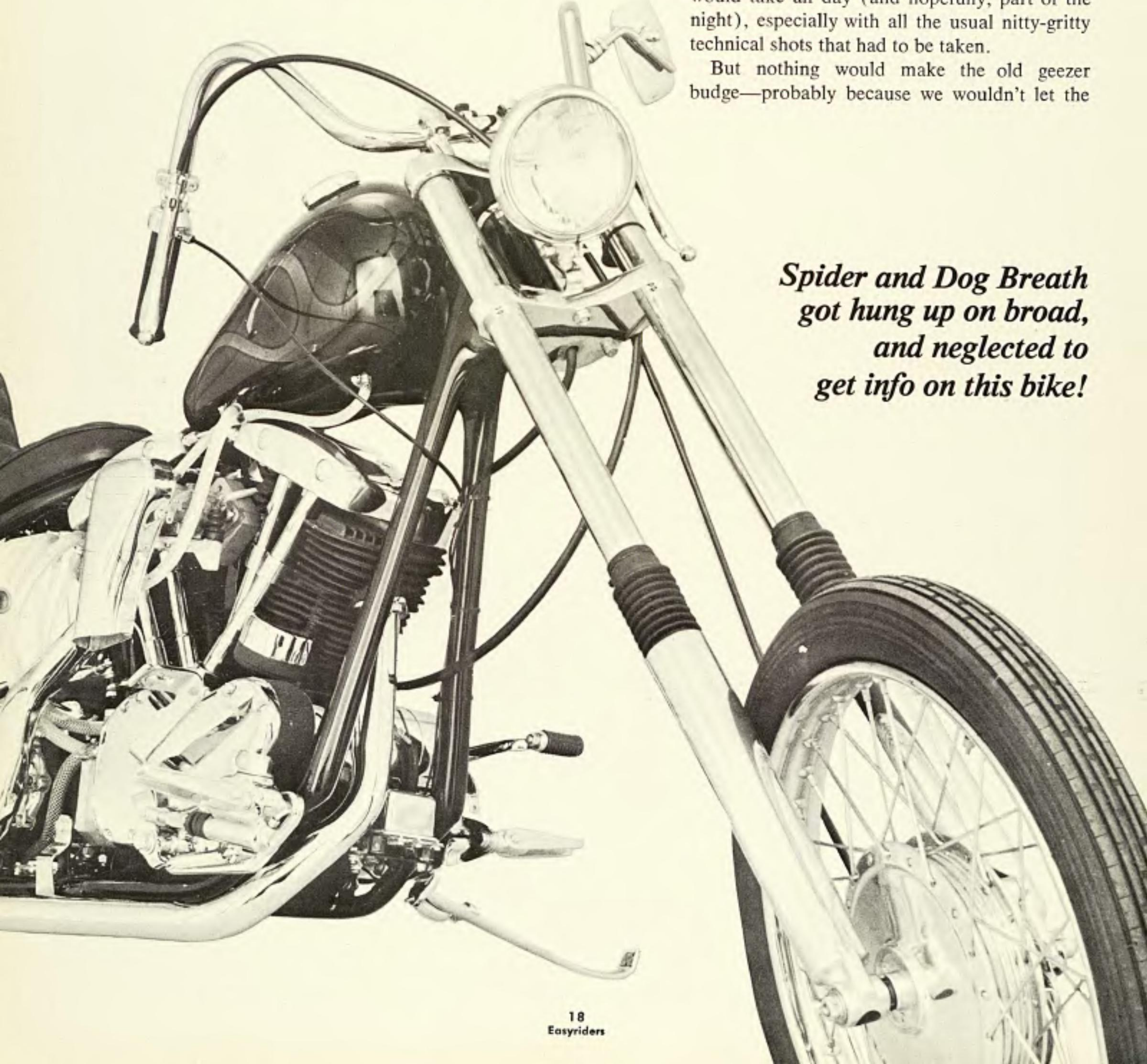
Will the owner of this bike please stand up?

This shovelhead with the unusual disc brake belongs to David Leeman — or Leaman, Leemen, Leamen — we're not sure which. All we know is that it sounded like lee-man. So that's the way we'll spell it.

This kind of a screw-up could only happen to *Easyriders*. It all started when Smiley, who is always searching for a way to save a buck, insisted on two bikes being photographed on the same day—the day we had scheduled the shooting of the nude that appeared in a recent issue.

His insistence was against such righteous arguments as, to shoot the nude properly it would take all day (and hopefully, part of the night), especially with all the usual nitty-gritty technical shots that had to be taken.

But nothing would make the old geezer budge—probably because we wouldn't let the



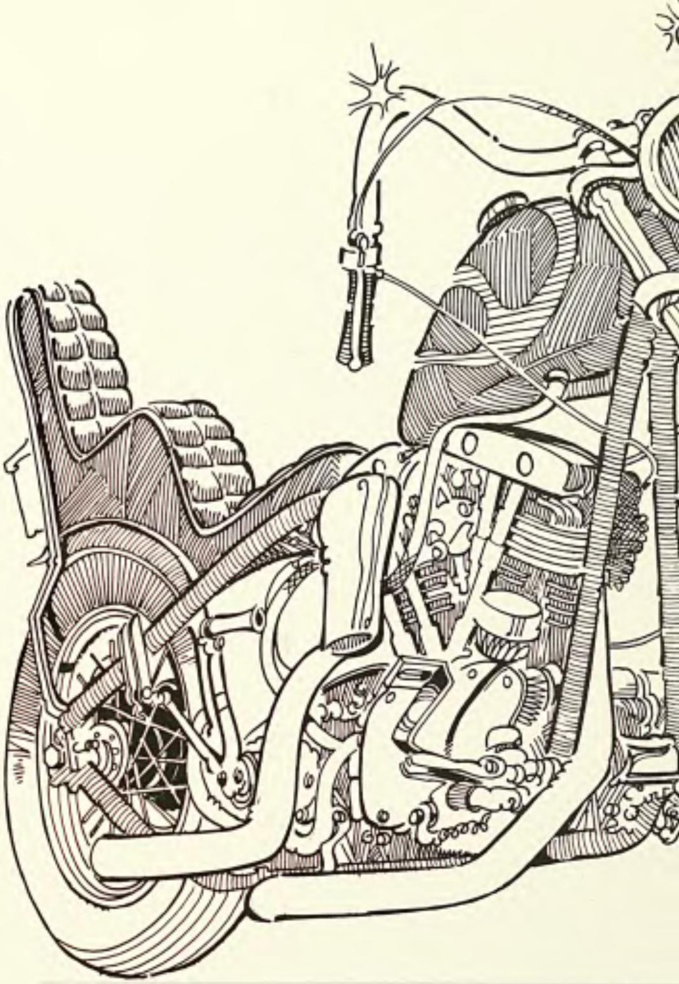
Spider and Dog Breath got hung up on broad, and neglected to get info on this bike!

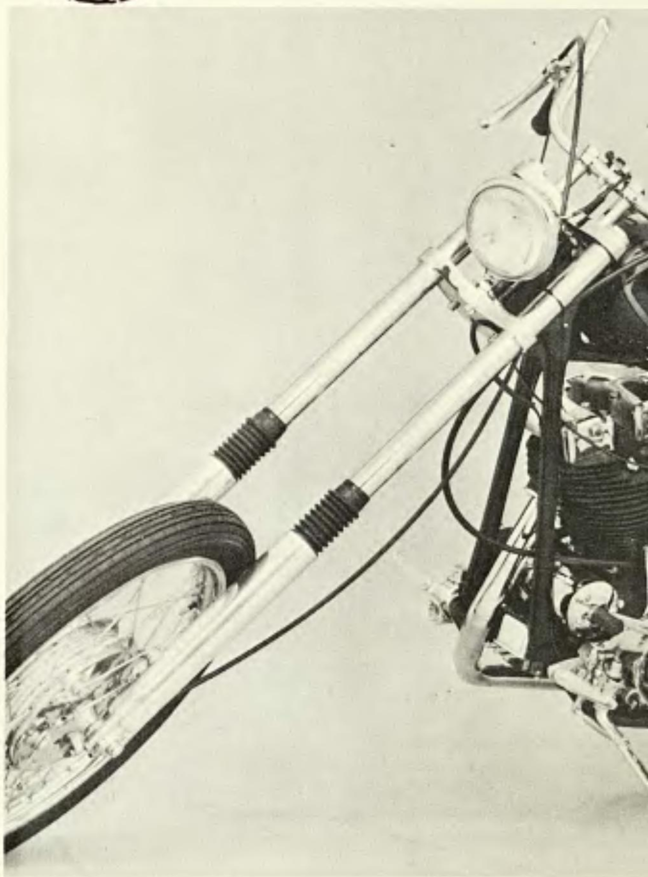
drooling lecher come along . He stamped his feet a couple of times, then fell into a chair wheezing and gasping that we had to shoot both in one day—whether we liked it or not.

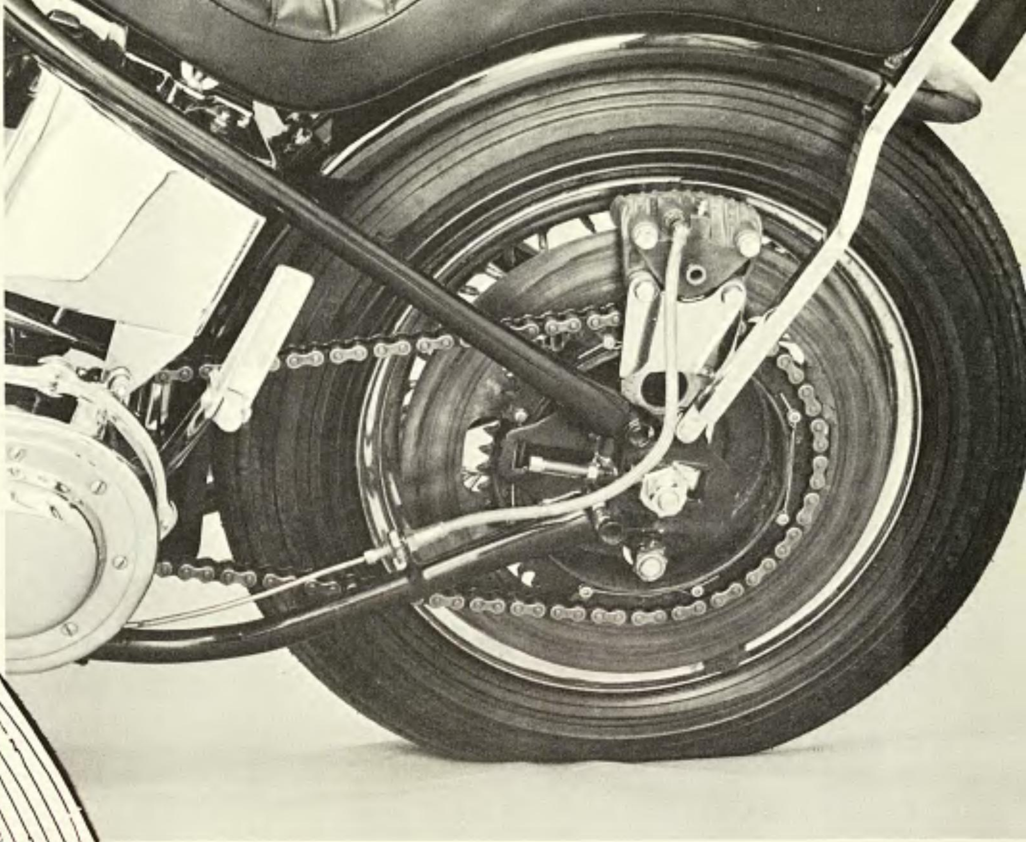
It was at this point that Dog Breath grabbed Smiley by his scrawny neck, in a subtle effort to get him to change his mind. As he turned blue in the face, Dog released him. With his mouth flapping and nothing coming out, Smiley reached for his bottom right-hand desk drawer, where he kept his equalizer.

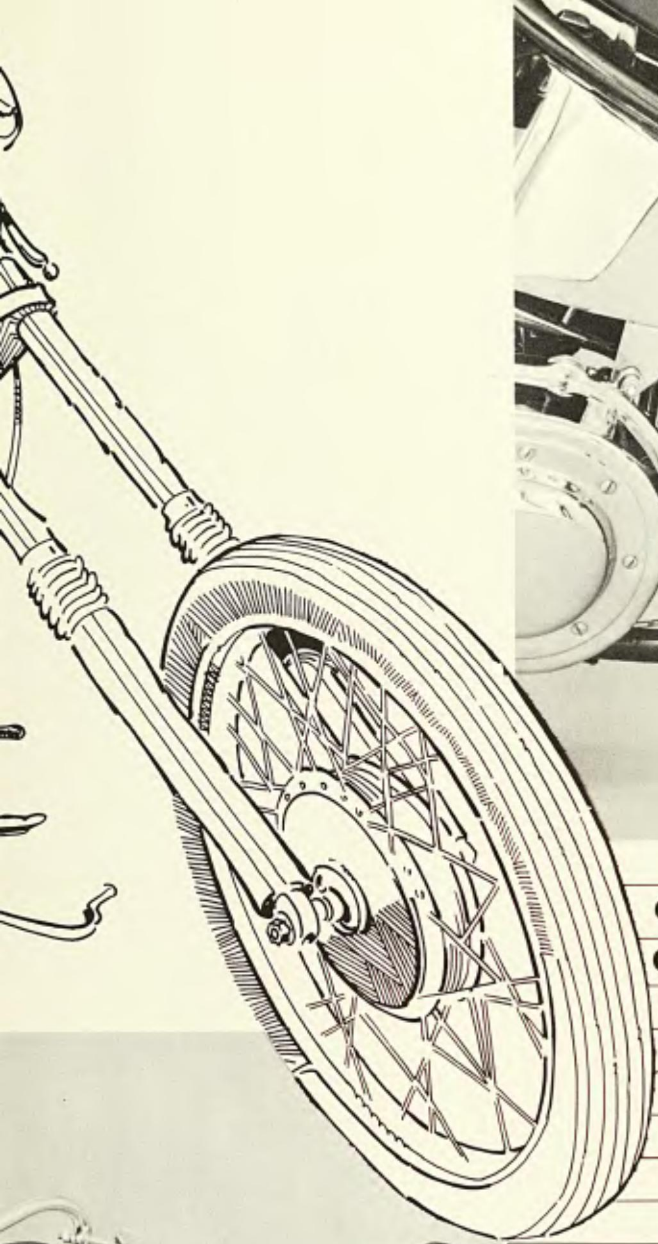
Spider and Dog decided they'd better cut out—they weren't sure whether the old coot would use it or not, but they weren't going to stand around and find out. Somewhere along the line they had heard that a .45 slug smarts —especially when you laugh.

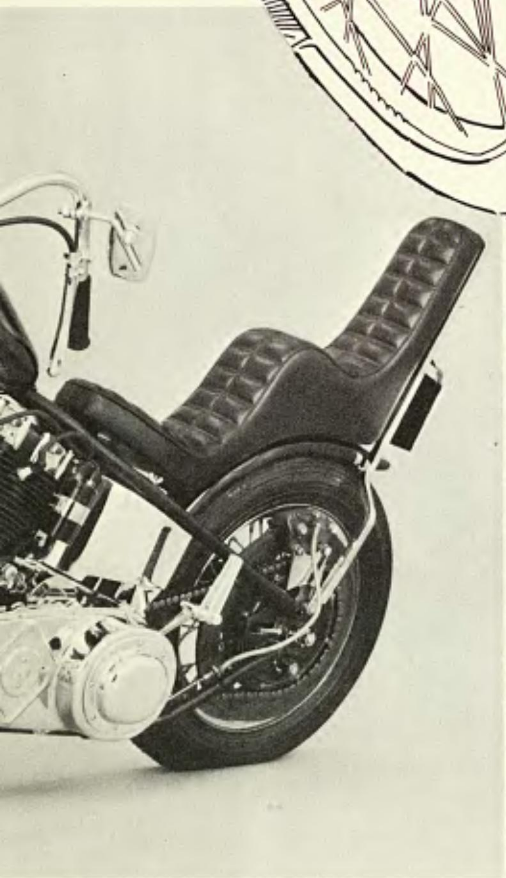
On the day the photos were to be taken, the model showed up first, her eyes looking as if she'd just gotten up. She dropped her clothes











Owner: David Leeman (we think)

General

Fabrication by: D&D
Year & make: '69 H-D
Model: 74
Value: $2950
Time: 3 months
Assembly: D&D
Chroming: D&D

Engine

Year: 1969
Model: Shovelhead
Builder: new
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Cam: stock
Lifters: Hydraulic
Carb(s): Tillotson
Shifter: foot
Pipes: dragtype
Mufflers: baffles
Stacks: none

Wheels

Front: 21 inch   Rear: 16 inch

Frame

Year: 1956
Rake: ½ inch
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: pullback
Tank: chopper tank
Seat: AEE
Material: naugahyde
Sissy Bar: 30" square

Forks

Type: 3" narrow glide
Extension: 10 inch
Builder: D&D

Painting

Molding: Electric Bob
Painting: Electric Bob
Color: pearl black
Type: lacquer

Tires

Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon
Rear: 5.10 x 16 Goodyear

—and everyone forgot her eyes.

The first bike showed up and Pete went into action as Spider and Dog Breath ogled.

In a few minutes the second bike (the one you see here) arrived. It was painted pearl black. Seeing it, Pete moaned, "You want me to shoot color shots of that?"

Spider didn't pay any attention to Pete; he was hung up on the scoot's strange rear brake —a disc brake.

The owner told Spider it was an Airheart experimental brake that the factory had tested and abandoned.

Spider told the owner to be sure to give him the poop on it when he came back to pick up the bike—that he didn't have time right then, because he had to get back and help Pete with the photography.

The owner left his bike. The session with the nude took most of the day (of course), and when the shooting was over, Spider and Dog had to take the model to get something to eat (of course). They left the shooting of the second bike to Pete (which they usually do, unless there's a nude involved).

The owner returned and wanted the bike right away; he had some guys waiting for him to go on a weekend run with them. Pete stalled him long enough to get the photos you see here, but as soon as Pete finished, the owner took the bike and split with his friends.

That, believe it or not, was the last time anyone at *Easyriders* ever saw the dude. We didn't know where he lived, his phone number —anything. So here's his bike. We hope he sees it and comes in to say hello sometime.

By the way, it goes without saying that Armond Bletcher, our 310-pound house disciplinarian, enforcer, bill collector, bodyguard, and general all-around bone breaker, worked Spider and Dog Breath over a little—not too much, just enough to remind them that not getting the facts on a bike is a no-no—and what it's like to be run over by a diesel truck—pulling doubles.

Anyway, here's the bike, and the chart of facts—but don't ask us a damned thing about the owner.

—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha c/o Easyriders, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL

Other Cheap Thrills

I have a problem, and I thought that perhaps you could give me a straight answer.

I have recently developed a liking for taking off all my clothes and rolling around in the gravel as I play with myself. It didn't bother me too much at first, but now people are beginning to throw sticks at me and talk of an "old fashioned lynching."

I talked to my shrink, and he said it was only a phase that I was going through, and that I'd probably graduate on to some other cheap thrill later on. Meanwhile the people with the sticks seem to be getting even more serious about lynching me. What can I do?

Clyde Collina
Tri-Cities, Washington

● I suggest you move away from those ultra-conservative rednecks—they always seem to be against a person having a little innocent fun. But don't knock being hanged—I understand that it's the ultimate trip.

Wants a Bike of Her Own

Please tell me how I can meet some guys with bikes. I want to learn to ride one, as well as learning how to maintain one. My husband gets pissed every time I ask him to help me.

I should also mention that I haven't balled for weeks because he's punishing me for our last argument over my wanting a bike. So, although I'm the intellectual sort, I could still bring some enjoyable hours to some rider who could help me out. Please help me, Mutha!

M.Y.
Pasadena, Texas

● I don't know how to tell you this, M.Y., but I happen to be a rider and a half, and you may not believe it, but your o' Mutha is one helluva bike mechanic. So where do you want to meet? You could tell your ol' man I'm your eccentric cousin.

Big, Bad Ol' Lady?

I have one of the biggest problems in the world. My issue of **Easyriders** arrived yesterday, and while I was off goofin' somewhere my ol' lady got ahold of it and tore out all the photos of that nude chick.

Please tell me what to do so I can read my entire magazine in the future.

Mike Denn
Bethel Park, Pa.

● If by "biggest problem" you mean the size of your ol' lady in relation to your size, then I can't tell you to work her over a little, or she might have you. So I suggest you be subtle—say like putting Drano in her douche bag . . . No, on second thought, that's not a good idea—she might figure out you did it, and while bouncing off the ceiling she might be able to get at you.

After careful consideration, I suggest you work on educating her into stopping her dressing and undressing in the closet, and force her to screw with the lights on.

Another Anti-bike Husband

I really dig cycles, and I've been offered a job at a chopper shop as company secretary. Last week I married a super-groovy guy. Only one thing about him bothers me — he thinks cycles are only for guys, and blows his top if I even mention wanting to ride one.

Faye Strickler
Adrian, Michigan

● How would you like to join a swinging three-member club—me, you, and M.Y. from Pasadena, Texas? Just kiddin', honey. I was mentally cruising, doing my thing, and forgot where I was. Now back to your question: What your husband is actually telling you is that he doesn't want you riding a bike with anyone but him. He knows, deep down inside, what a rotten bunch of lechers, dirty old men, to say nothing of swinging young men, that you might come in contact with when you take your new job with the chopper freaks.

He can't tell you he's afraid one might tempt you. Hell no, he'd rather turn you into a sweet-sweet candy-assed school teacher type.

He's Got The Hots

I've got the hots for this chick, and I'm pretty sure she has the hots for me. Now what do I do?

Percy Thomason
Portland, Oregon

● The next time you see her, call her over to you. Tell her that you have the hots for her (that shows class), then reach down and grab a fistful. If that doesn't get you acquainted, then write me for step number two.

A Different Kind of Bota

Hey, Mutha, ask Spider if he's ever used a douche bag when he was hard up and couldn't find a wineskin. They work just as well as a bota, plus you have the long hose for having a sip on the fly.

Crooked Dick and Preacher
Lebanon Correctional Inst.
Lebanon, Ohio

● Spider asked me what a douche bag was, and I told him that I didn't know. Then some smart-ass chick in the office, acting very superior, informed us what one was. But I put her down, though. I told her in no uncertain terms that I would never allow any inert object inside me. You should have seen her shocked face — I really put her down. (Just between you and me, the reason I don't is that I'm afraid I'll get hung up on it—but I'll never tell that snotty little bitch that.)

Freak Is Forgotten

I'm in the Colorado State Reformatory, and even though I've been here only a comparatively short time, all my partners, family and chicks have already forgotten me.

As if you didn't know, I was wondering if you'd let your chick readers know that an Ozark ridgerunner would sure dig some letters. By the way, are you the same in real life as you are in the mag? Sure hope not.

Larry E. Ward
Box R
Buena Vista, Colo. 81211

● Hey, putz, what kinda guy are you? First you ask me a favor, and then you imply there's something wrong with me. Just because you dig a certain type of chick—well, I'd like you to know there are a lot of studs who freak out over a broad like me. I almost got busted for bestiality the last time I screwed around with them — but no matter, at least I know I'm appreciated by something — I mean someone.

Model is 20-year-old Susie Stevenson (35-32-35). She said she'd send personally autographed photos to the fifty guys who write her the best letters telling her why they want her photo. Send letters to Susie, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. Contest ends March 1, 1972. Photo by Pete Chiodo—with Spider looking on!

Show-a-little-class Department:

Love on a Motorcycle

Up the street, as if to tease
Me, a car with headlights
Eeks forward, thin beams
Coming closer to the couple
Parking on the motorcycle:

I lean from my 3rd storey
With eyes as glassy as a window
Straining at the dark:

Love on a motorcycle! How grand
To have a girl so supple,
So open to the call of Summer streets
That she can relax on triangular seats
Lean back and offer you herself,
Legs smooth as handlebars under
the chromium moon.

How often can love catch you
In the windy night, rev you
Like a captive engine screaming
To have its clutch let out?
Or is it that you have chosen
unpaved streets
To wait for a cycle coming by
And those damned headlights,
drawing closer.

—By Geof Hewitt
from *Waking Up Still Pickled*

God Bless Motorcycle Manufacturers!

For Saving Us From Chopper Riders!

It's not our bag to get on the soap box. We prefer featuring the good times derived from owning a righteous bike. But our good times are threatened, and something has got to be done about it; there are things to be said (things no one else has said), and damn it, it's reached the point where

the following must be said . . .

It is high time for us to consider the role that big business has played, and continues to play, in the proliferation of laws against the motorcyclist's personal freedom—big business, in this context, meaning the motorcycle manufacturers, distributors and importers.

The various media have totally ignored this fact of the hassled biker's existence, either through lack of information, absence of interest in the subject, or—most likely of all—fear of losing advertising revenue. **Easyriders** likes revenue as well as the next outfit, but we feel that there comes a time when a choice must be made between whoring for advertisers and telling it like it is to the people we set out to represent in the first place—the active bikers. With that idea in mind, we're going to stick our necks out, in this and succeeding reports, for the advertiser's axe. And, to mix a metaphor, let the chips fall where they may.

Have you ever thought about the fact that certain laws—and the lack of certain others—may actually benefit our big business representatives at considerable cost to the biker? Probably not, because it is logical to assume that the motorcycle industry's interests are the same as those of the rider. Well, to a certain extent they are—but in many instances they are not.

Those Damned Helmet Laws

Take as an example the helmet laws that plague our land. The primary basis for all the concern about motorcycle safety, and the need for stricter laws, is the increasing number of fatal motorcycle crashes each year. According to the U.S. Department of Transportation's National Highway Traffic Safety Bureau analysis of fatal motorcycle accidents for the period 1966-1970, it was expected that there would be in 1970 a total of 2,429 motorcycle riders killed out of 2,514,450 who drove registered motorcycles. (Figures are based on an estimated national rate of 9.03 fatal crashes per 10,000 registered motorcycles.) The analysis also showed that states with helmet laws had a lower fatal crash rate than that of states without helmet laws—lower by 1.43 fatal crashes per 10,000 registered motorcycles.

Another report by the National Highway Traffic Safety Bureau said it this way: "In 1968, 2.1 million registered motorcycles traveled over 8 billion miles. Of that number, 252,000 were involved in traffic accidents which accounted for 1900 fatalities and about 200,000 injuries. The motorcycle death rate of 0.23 per million miles of travel is nearly 5 times the rate for all motor vehicles."

These figures are the basis for all the hysteria over the mounting motorcycle death rate. We could compare the 1900 motorcycle fatalities with fatalities in other sports—like the 900 accidental deaths from hunting every year—but we won't. That's another gripe.

No matter what the total figures are, it is a known fact that the majority of fatal accidents involve the novice driver within 60 to 90 days after purchase of a bike by guys under 25 years of age. It is this novice, this untrained, unqualified buyer—who is able to purchase a powerful machine merely by having enough money to do so—who is the primary cause of the mounting fatality rate. While he is teaching himself to handle the bike, he gets himself killed. He is then added to the national total of fatalities The lawmakers look at the totals—**only** at the totals, obviously, not at what the totals represent—and react with repressive motorcycle safety laws that affect everyone—right across the board—the novice as well as the experienced veteran. As a

result of the problems created by this inexperienced segment of the motorcycle riding group, **everyone** is penalized—and dammit that's not right!

Make the Motorcycle Resemble a Tank!

This injustice is caused by the failure of lawmakers to make a proper study of their statistics. In their eagerness to solve "The Problem," and possibly with an eye on newspaper space as well as on the next election, they pass laws after minimal effort and with grade-school judgment—which in our case has got to be their ignorantly thinking that the solution to the problem is to make motorcycles as safe as cars, and in order to do this, put the driver in a metal suit and make the motorcycle resemble a tank.

We feel that the manufacturers, distributors, and importers have done little if anything about the primary cause of most of the fatalities: the sale of motorcycles to unqualified individuals.

We believe that, under the good old U.S.A. system of don't-rock-the-boat, they have ignored their moral responsibility of prohibiting a sale to an unqualified driver. Putting a young, inexperienced person on a 250, 350, 450, or 500cc motorcycle is akin to handing over a loaded .357 magnum pistol to a jungle aborigine.

The thinking apparently goes somewhat like this: To put up qualification barriers to a potential sale could mean the loss of that sale, so sell the customer the big bike. What the hell, in this day of loan insurance, what can we lose?

Well, let's assume that our inexperienced person at least knows how to ride a motorcycle away from the salesroom—thanks to his mini-bike background. Does this ability to keep a bike upright qualify him to buy a powerful motorcycle? Does he know how to survive in traffic? Does he know enough to assume that he is invisible so far as the inattentive or downright stupid car driver is concerned? Does he know that he should drive defensively—as if every car is out to get him? Does he know that in the final reckoning it's as though he has no rights —and that he should ride accordingly?

Has he ever driven in water, or in the rain? Does he know how to flop his bike if he has to?

None of this knowledge or skill is required by the seller of motorcycles. As a matter of fact, you don't even have to know how to ride at all. Just bring a friend with a pickup. Learn later—on the streets!

Even in states where a motorcycle license is required, there is no attempt to put the guy's head straight about survival in traffic. All he has to know is the law. The driving tests are a joke.

The Power of the Manufacturer

Stop and consider the power and wealth represented by the manufacturers, distributors, and importers of every motorcycle in the United States. Do you think they've really tried to do anything about this basic cause of most of the fatalities? Because of their contribution to the problem through indiscriminate selling of motorcycles, doesn't it make sense that they quite likely went along with the Government's helmet program? Some more possible reasoning: Sell 'em a helmet along with the bike. That'll save quite a few of the thinner skulls and make a little better showing in the fatal crash statistics. That way, we won't have to risk the wrath of our helmet advertisers by revealing what we know damn well to be the truth behind the fatal crash figures. And we'll go on selling a lot of bikes, to say nothing of the extra loot we'll rake in from helmet sales. No, man, let's not say anything about inexperience, lack of riding skill, and all that jazz. Let's not cut our own throats, moneywise, to save a few measly lives.

The bulk of their market is the new market—the new rider—and the fatality rate increases in direct ratio to the increase in motorcycle sales every year—and in spite of helmet sales. Do you think that these sellers stressed the fact that helmets are necessary only for the novice—their new customers—that the experience and skill of the trained rider is worth more in terms of safety than all the helmets he could load on his machine—that an across-the-board law is grossly unreasonable?

They represent a lot of business, these purveyors of motorcycles, and as a result they carry a lot of political weight. They have powerful associations (did you know that Russell March, Executive Director of the American Motorcycle Association, was sales manager for Buco helmets before joining AMA?). The Motorcycle Industry Council, for instance, represents 90% of the motorcycle industry. It seems to us, here at **Easyriders**, that a great deal could be accomplished toward enactment of reasonable laws if the industry took more interest in the real welfare of the rider instead of permitting—or even abetting—the misinterpretation of statistics.

Motorcycle Industry and the Police Establishment

The politician doesn't know a pillion seat from a spool hub, but "Something Must Be Done!" so he looks—and not too hard—for "experts" to advise him. The motorcycle industry is consulted, and of course the police establishment, and as a result the politician gets basically the same advice from both groups; he then acts accordingly.

All efforts, thus far, to overturn the helmet laws have failed. Recently the Connecticut Assembly voted to repeal the state's helmet law, but the Governor was forced to veto the repeal because of pressure from Washington. (Complete details on P. 50) Most of the recent attacks on helmet laws through the courts were in areas of the law in which the Government and the states had considerable legal precedent to fall back on for support. Judges tend to go along with legal precedent. Now, with the Connecticut setback, things look bad from the legal standpoint. But don't give up—there are other ways to go.

It is up to us—all of us—who are tired of being patsies; tired of the "altered" bike being the catch-all for most of the arbitrary anti-bike laws; tired of being the underdogs; tired of the police attitude that the only safe bike is a factory stock, unaltered bike (where do you suppose they got that?); tired of the vested interests having their say through a direct line to the lawmaker's ear; tired of our inability to do anything but shout into the wind—it's time for all of us to go in new directions to reach our goal of justice.

Must Keep Accurate Statistics

Easyriders suggests that we start raising hell about those statistics that everyone accepts as gospel and, as with most gospels, interprets without any undue strain of real thought and to his own satisfaction, enacting unjust and oftentimes nonsensical laws as a result of the interpretation. The Government and every state must start keeping more accurate records of accidents involving motorcycles. The causes of accidents must be specifically determined. No generalizing; no lumping everyone together. Find out, specifically, who is getting into accidents and why—then do something about those people, and leave the rest of us alone.

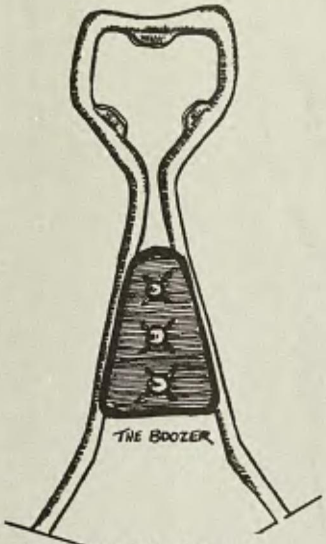
On the basis of present knowledge, we should pressure the Government and state officials to inaugurate motorcycle driver training courses in high schools, or at special state or Government sponsored schools, with manufacturers supplying the motorcycles. No one should be allowed to ride a bike on public streets or roads until he knows what he's doing. This is the best, most direct way of reducing motorcycle fatalities.

We should pressure for a law requiring that an individual must have a motorcycle driver's license before being allowed to purchase a bike. If an individual already owns a bike and can satisfactorily demonstrate to an examiner his ability to handle it under rigorous conditions, then all he would have to do would be to pass a written test. All others (regardless of age) would have to take driver training and a certain number of actual classroom hours before taking tests. A proper law would prohibit the sale of any bike to any person until he (or she) could show certification as an experienced, or trained, bike rider.

It goes without saying that the driving test must involve more than the mere knowledge of traffic laws, and that the schooling must be in depth.

On the subject of tests, every state's written tests for car drivers should include questions stressing the need for the motorist's awareness of the presence and problems of the motorcyclist

—Continued on page 65



by Dale Duncan
Portland, Oregon

Editors go ape with ten dollar bills.

Fun House of Sissy Bar Contest

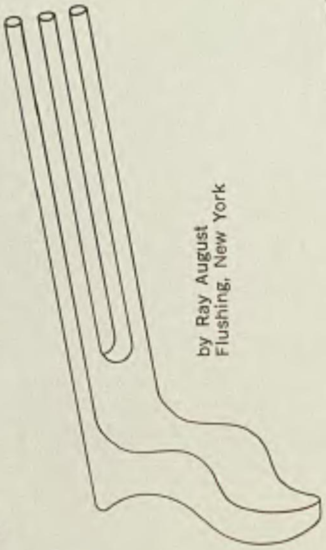
Still Paying $10.00 For Your Ideas

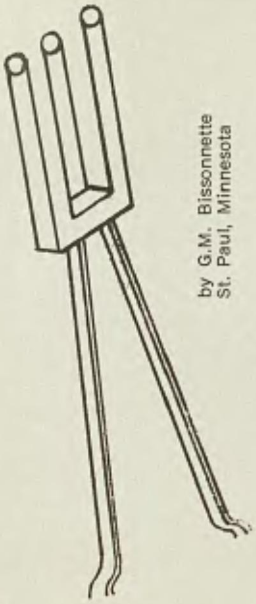
This contest will continue in every issue. If you have already submitted some ideas — submit more.

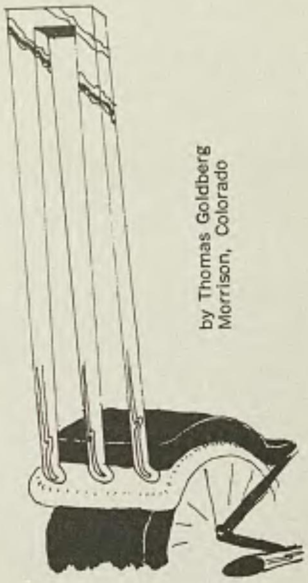
We'll pay ten dollars for every design idea printed in the magazine.

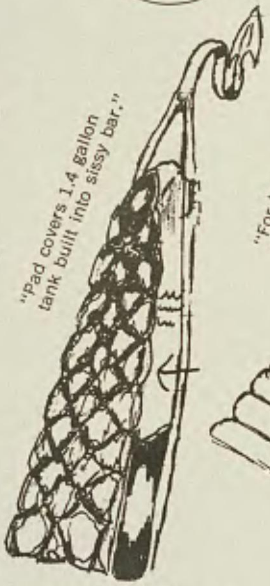
The ideas can be any size and rendered in either pencil or ink. They do not have to be professionally drawn—we'll take care of that—it's the idea we're interested in, but there should be enough of a sketch to show us what you have in mind.

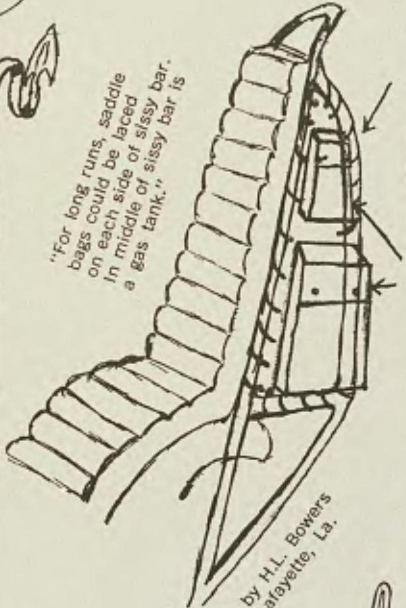
If you want rejects returned, then you must send a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. All printed ideas become the property of **Easyriders** magazine. Send your ideas to Sissy Bar Contest, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

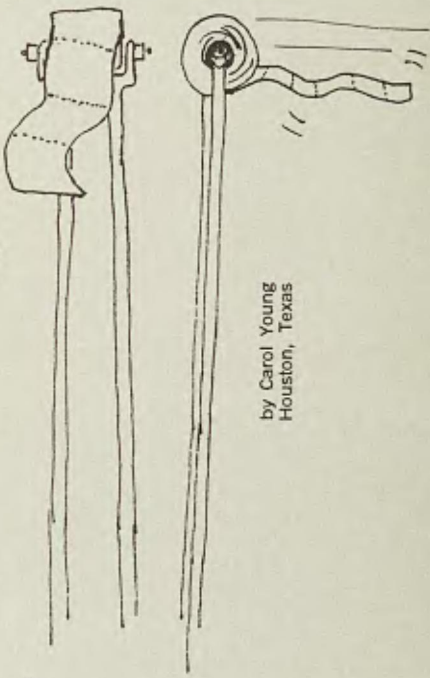

by Ray August
Flushing, New York

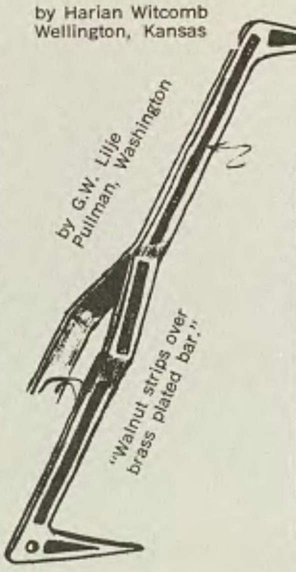

by G.M. Bissonnette
St. Paul, Minnesota


by Thomas Goldberg
Morrison, Colorado

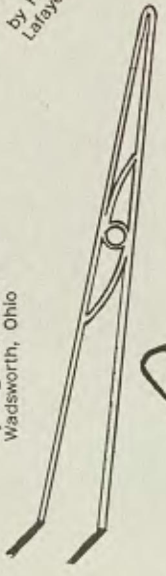

"Pad covers 1.4 gallon tank built into sissy bar."
by Harlan Witcomb
Wellington, Kansas

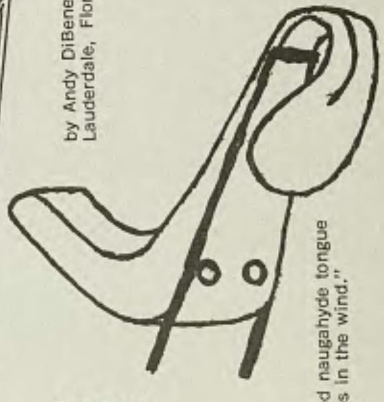

"For long runs, saddle bags could be laced on each side of sissy bar. In middle of sissy bar is a gas tank."
by H.L. Bowers
Lafayette, La.


by Carol Young
Houston, Texas


by G.W. Lilje
Pullman, Washington
"Walnut strips over brass plated bar."

by Roger Banfield
Wadsworth, Ohio


by Andy DiBenedetto
Lauderdale, Florida


Rich Rohn
Columbus, Wisconsin
"Red naugahyde tongue flops in the wind."

Famous NCCSI chopper manufacturer builds a masterpiece to be used by the U.S. Government for testing purposes, to determine if choppers are safe. We know they are—now the Government will know what we know.

Meet Your (Every Chopper Owner's) Representative in Washington!

Long front tubes allow the use of a long fork without extreme neck angle or high center of gravity—this, along with solidly built and reinforced frame, makes the good handling and good looking combination possible.

When Douglas Toms, Director of the U.S. Department of Transportation's National Highway Traffic Safety Bureau, approached some Washington, D.C., bikers and asked them if he could rent their choppers for some Government testing, their reaction (after their first rush) was, let's say, less than enthusiastic. Later, while on the west coast, Toms hesitantly asked a group of NCCSI manufacturers the same question, not being certain whether he should or not, after the earlier reactions he had received.

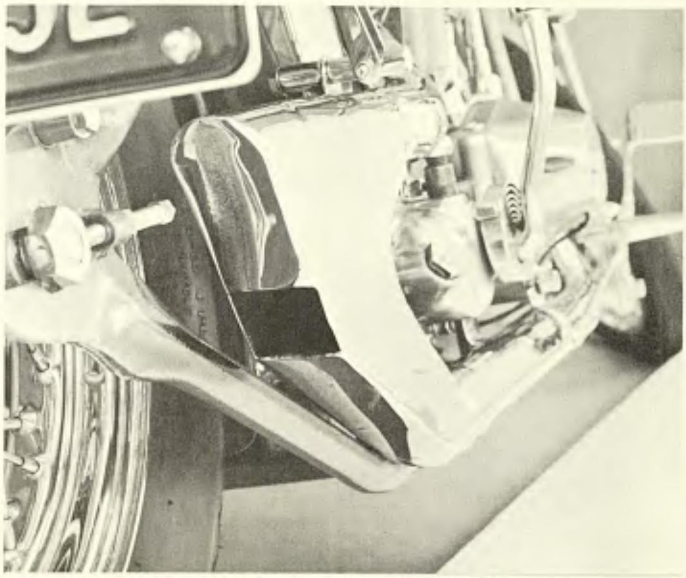
His concern was dispelled instantly as the NCCSI (a chopper manufacturers association) group reacted with, "You bet!" "Right on!" "Damn right!" They were all anxious to prove that their products were safe, and just as anxious to correct or change any defects that the Government's testing might uncover. What more

The 16-gauge-steel narrow Mustang tank holds a usable 2½ gallons. 160mph VDO speedometer is accurate and easy to read. Bars were especially designed for test bike.

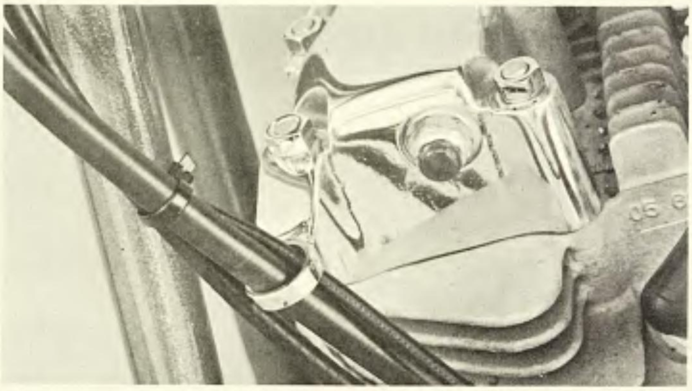
could they ask? (General Motors recently recalled 6.5 million cars because of faulty motor mounts —even the largest can goof!)

The guys at D&D volunteered their new chassis that had just gone into production, and agreed to stuff a '71 shovelhead and transmission into it. This chassis was designed to improve the stock Harley chassis for the use intended—jammin'. Jammin' in its purest sense is not racing, moto-cross, or hillclimbing—it's just out and out putting—as far as you want to go, and over any kind of paved road. For righteous jammin' a bike must handle and perform perfectly, as well as be comfortable.

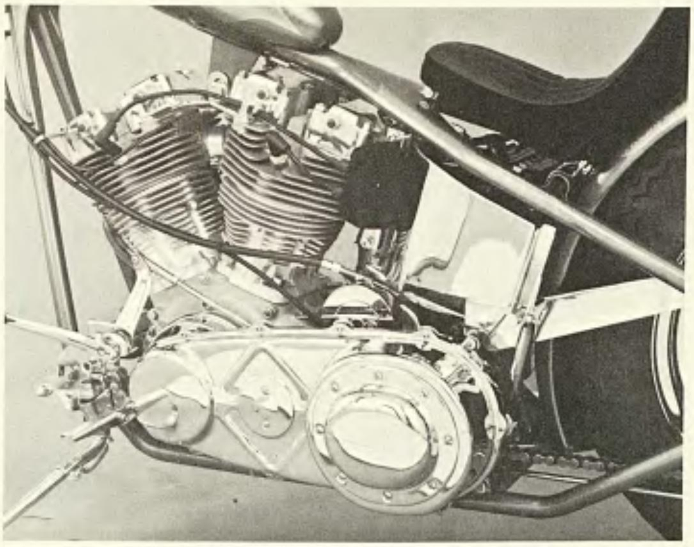
The D&D chassis was created and constructed with these objectives in mind. Every area was carefully considered, designed, constructed, tested, and redesigned, if necessary, in D&D's quest for perfection. As the accompanying photos indicate, the fine workmanship reflects



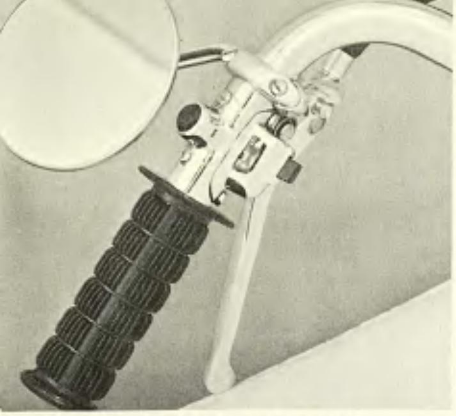
Exhaust from rear cylinder must travel an S path through collector/muffler which equalizes length between both cylinders and exhaust. Exhaust pipes are of 2-inch diameter. Could be used with shorties, or stacks. Collector sounds good.



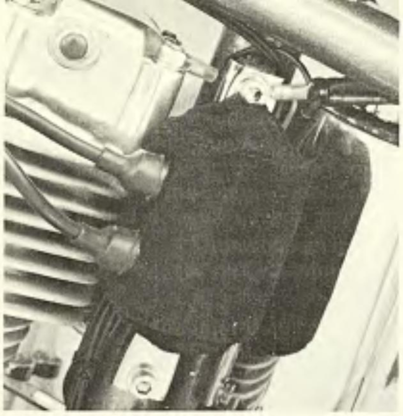
Bracket off rocker box keeps clutch, speedo, and throttle cables neat and functional.



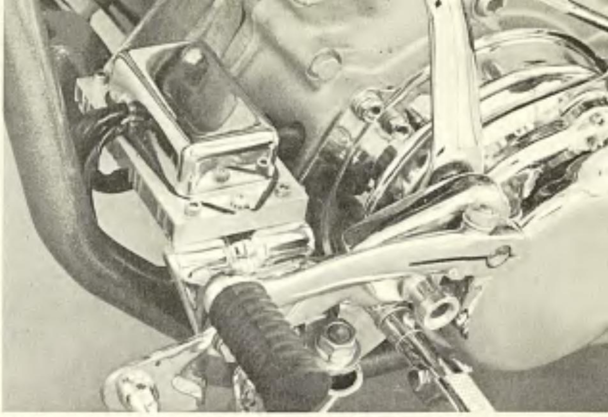
Use of early model outer primary is made possible by special inner primary, transmission outboard bearing adapter, and special transmission adjusters.



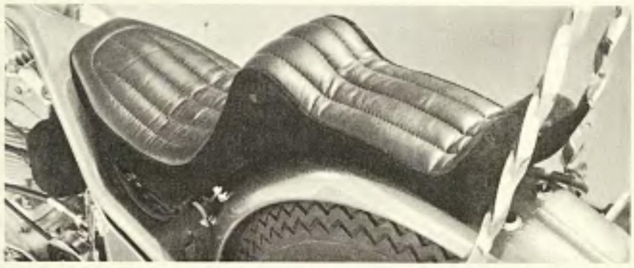
Horn and dimmer switch are easy to get to.



Leather coil cover prevents grounding by keeping water and dew off coil.



Square box is Harley's answer to a transistorized regulator. Note special inner primary (stamped steel), designed to cover 12 volt alternator.



Back support and dense foam padding make the Ministronie "Regal" a winner. Passenger comfort would be even better if small pad was used further up sissybar.

Mousetrap Eliminator Kit makes clutch pulling effortless—160 mph speedo drives out of stock fitting.

Owner: D & D Distributors

General	**Frame**
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1971 D&D
Year & make: 1971 Jammer	Rake: 36°
Model: 74	Rear susp.: rigid
Value: $3500	Bars: Jammer
Time: two weeks	Tank: narrow Mustang
Assembly: owner	Seat: Ministronie "Regal"
Chroming: owner	Material: leather
Engine	Sissy Bar: 36 in. twist
Year: 1971	**Forks**
Model: shovelhead	Type: narrow springer
Builder: new	Extension: 12 inch
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Builder: D&D
Cam: stock	**Painting**
Lifters: solid	Molding: Electric Bob
Carb(s): Bendix	Painting: Electric Bob
Shifter: foot	Color: strato fire red
Pipes: Collector pipes	Type: polyurethane
Mufflers: Baffle collector	**Tires**
Stacks: none	Front: 2.75 x 19 Avon
Wheels Front: 19 inch Rear: 16 inch	Rear: 5.00 x 16 Arco

this care and planning.

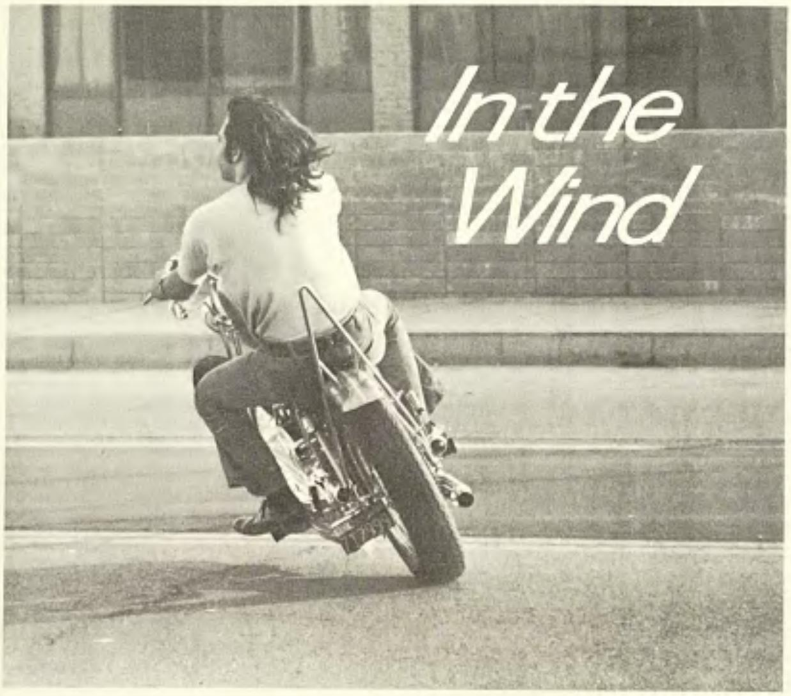
After weeks of testing different components, trying to decide such seemingly trivial things as whether the front wheel should be 19" or 21", whether the seat was comfortable on a long run (the first design wasn't, and was replaced), whether they should use a 10", 12", or 14" springer, the bike was completed.

Testing it, the **Easyriders** staff found that 65-70 mph was no strain at all on the big shovel, even though the power was going through some pretty tall gears (24 engine, 25 transmission). It just loafed along with the butterfly on the Bendix carburetor barely cracked open. (No vibration.)

Seat, bars, footpegs, controls were right on. Driving a straight line, or going through tight corners, it felt so stable that it was like being on rails—unlike the swingarm full dressers, where you're never sure where your wheels are, or what they're doing.

We know that Doug Toms will be testing all types of bikes. We at **Easyriders** are especially happy that Toms and his staff are testing bikes—actually finding out what is and what is not safe, rather than merely assuming what is and what isn't, and then passing repressive laws accordingly. We are particularly happy that the chopper he will be testing is a safe one, and a good representative for all of our bikes.

ABATE members will be happy to know that they are playing a part in this vital program by contributing the shipping costs of sending the bike to Washington. All members should be justly proud of the fact that they did **something** positive, rather than just sitting around and griping.



In the Wind

Mere words and photographs cannot adequately convey the exhilaration and the feeling of complete freedom enjoyed by bikers gliding through city traffic or jamming on the highway. You have to get on a bike and ride it in order to appreciate the real benefits of owning one.

But short of actually riding a bike, we feel that nothing illustrates this freedom, this leaving all your problems behind you, this letting it all hang out groove —better than the sight of a guy all laid out, his feet up on highway pegs, with his girl tucked in behind him, flying down the highway with hair blowing in all directions.

THE MAN AND THE BIKER

The Man and the Biker,
one against one—
The Man who plays God
and carries a gun—
He puts you thru hassles
and then blows your mind.
You meet him thru life,
thru your daily grind.

He'll preach about right,
and how it should be;
He'll try to put through
what *he* wants to see;
He'll tell you what's safe,
and what isn't at that;
Then he'll try showing you
where it's all at:

"Your pipes are too loud,
your front end's too long;
This isn't right,
and this is all wrong.
Your hair needs a cut,
your face needs a shave . . ."
He'll bitch and complain,
he'll rant and he'll rave,
He'll go on and on,
then on some more,
Till all of this hassle
becomes a big bore.

There're two ways to fight this,
a hit or a miss:
Yes him to death—
"*I* see what *you* see"—
Or stand up for your rights,
whatever they be.
Fight to the end
to right a great wrong;
It's your way living—
it's been all along . . .

Stand up and be counted!
Let's hear your voice loud!
Let *them* all know
Us bikers are proud!

—by Sharon Wanski

Easyriders *will pay $10 for black & white photos, and $20 for color transparencies, of bikers in action. We prefer bikes in motion, with a guy packing a chick, although we will purchase any sharp, properly lighted action shot.*

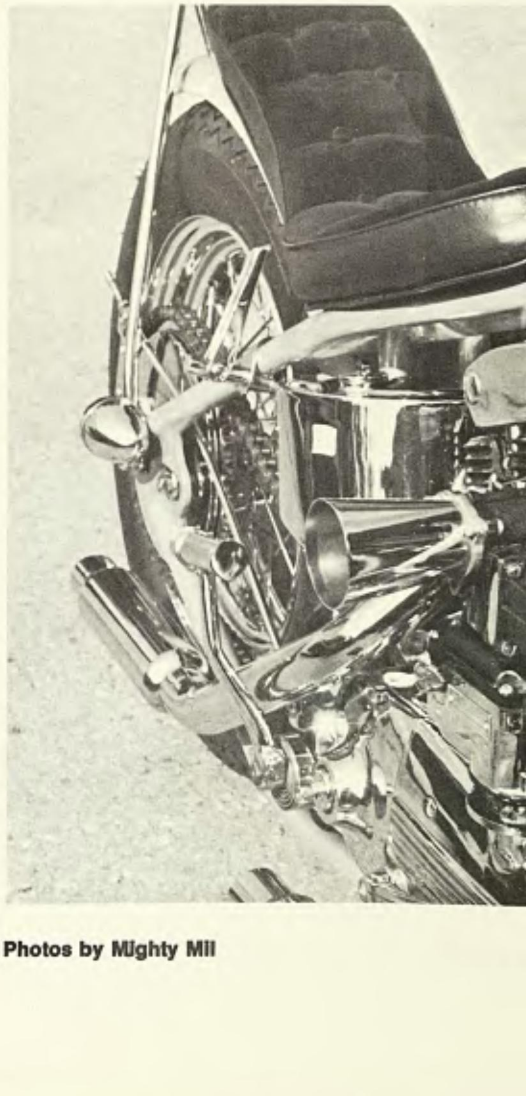
Send your black & white prints or color transparencies (no color prints) to Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, Easyriders *Magazine, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740. If you want rejects returned, you must include a self-addressed, stamped return envelope with submissions.* Easyriders *cannot be responsible for loss or damage done by Post Office.*

Hey! We're over here!

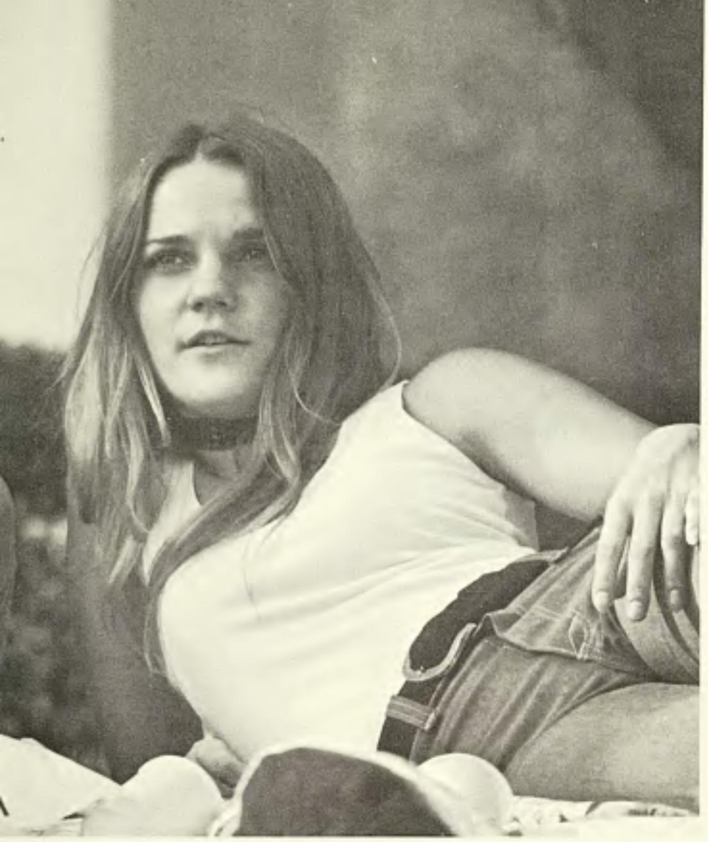
Sorry to interrupt your trip, man, but we didn't want you to overlook this serious stuff—you can be a voyeur later.

Knowing that most of our readers are chopper freaks, we'll give you the important information first: Her name is Lea Taylor, and she's a tender nineteen.

Now to Gary Salerno's '68 Sportster: Gary (like all of us) wanted his scoot to be different, so he decided to make a rigid out of it. He also



Photos by Mighty Mil



wanted to keep it as lightweight as possible, and so he got Speed Cycle Engineering to build him a rigid frame that weighs only 26 pounds. The entire bike weighs in at a measly 365 pounds.

"I also did some trick stuff to the engine." He grinned happily. "And let me tell ya, between the light weight and the wild engine—that mutha really gets it on."

He limped over to his bike (suffering a severe case of Sportster-leg), straddled it and said, "I like to trip on my bike—jam everywhere—to the mountains, beaches—you name it." He prepared to jump on the starter pedal. "You might say, this is my version of a hippie Harley—a clean, fast, strictly street machine."

He jumped on the starter pedal twice. "Now if the rotten sonuvabitch would just start easier!"

—Continued on next page

Owner: Gary Salerno

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year & Make: 1968 Sportster
Model: XLCH
Value: $3000
Time: 2 months
Assembly: owner
Chroming: Stammer Plating

Engine

Year: 1968
Model: XLCH
Builder: owner
Displacement: 55 cu. in.
Cam: "P" cams
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Linkert
Shifter: foot
Pipes: stock
Mufflers: shorty
Stacks: none

Wheels

Front: steel, 21 inch. Rear: steel, 16 inch

Frame

Year: special construction
Rake: 8°
Rear susp.: rigid
Bars: T-bars
Tank: Sportster
Seat: Tony Sardo
Material: Naugahyde and velvet
Sissy Bar: 5/8 inch hex.

Forks

Type: Girder
Extension: 12 in.
Builder: owner

Painting

Molding: owner
Painting: owner
Color: candy blue pearl
Type: Acrylic lacquer

Tires

Front: 3.00 x 21 Avon
Rear: 5.00 x 16 Arco

Dedicated to
Freedom of the Road

ABATE

"I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution."
—Ulysses S. Grant
Inaugural Address, 1869

Don't Laugh! Government's Actually Testing Air-bag Vests for Bikers!

Sorry to ruin your day, but the federal safety experts are experimenting with an "air vest"—an air bag which the rider wears and which would inflate in a crash. This concept is the same as the air bags being developed for automobiles.

Douglas Toms, federal safety chief, said, "Motorcycle accidents are a growing problem. Our deep concern is about bike crashes with cars. The bike rider always comes out on the worst end of it.

"We are doing a number of things to try to deal with this problem. We are experimenting with a possible air-bag vest for motorcycle riders. I don't know how acceptable this would be, but it looks like the concept has merit."

". . . And there are improvements to be made in the location and shape of gas tanks, as well as the location of handlebars."

Lew Buchanan, director of motorcycle safety for the Transportation Dept., is quoted as saying, "We are working on some kind of passive restraint—not only the air vest, but perhaps a helmet with an air bag fitted inside. There is a lot of dead space in a helmet now, and perhaps an air bag could be built into it to provide crash protection on impact."

Lew Buchanan also mentioned something that could be good ammunition for defending extended front ends. "Research has also shown a great deal of potential in the front wheels and forks — they bend rather nicely in a crash."

Buchanan said riders could be protected "if we can keep them back on the seat until the forks and wheel are crushed and absorb the crash forces."

Georgia brothers should keep this argument in mind in their battle against proposed anti-extended front end law.

Connecticut Bikers— all of us get the shaft!

Connecticut's 1967 helmet law was repealed by the state assembly and the repeal passed to the Governor for signing. But the Governor was forced to veto it (against his campaign promise that he would sign it), after being subiected to some strong-arm tactics by the U.S. Government.

The Governor's choice was simple. He could either sign the bill in accordance with the wishes of the Connecticut voters, and by doing so lose $8,000,000 in Highway Funds from the Government, or veto it and hang onto the government funds.

He was reminded of this in a wire from the Department of Transportation: "The policy of the Department of Transportation is quite clear regarding repeal of helmet laws. Therefore, if current efforts in Connecticut result in the repeal of your helmet law, I will immediately recommend that appropriate sanction be taken as authorized under the Highway Safety Act of 1966." (No more Highway funds.)

Before the Governor vetoed the bill, every effort was made to get the Government to change its position. But to no avail. Letters to Nixon were turned

over to the Department of Transportation. A resolution by the Connecticut assembly to the Department of Transportation was answered with: "We respect your dedication to a cause you believe correct. We are as firmly dedicated in our position opposing helmet law repeal."

Governor Meskill vetoed the bill and issued the following statement:

"I have been notified by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration that should the motorcycle safety helmet law in Connecticut be repealed, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration would recommend to Secretary Volpe that federal highway funds be reduced in accordance with the provisions of the Highway Safety Act of 1966.

"Connecticut could not stand the loss of these funds.

"I am sympathetic with those who wish to see this law repealed because of the design and weight of the safety helmets, and will work to have a more acceptable helmet approved by government officials. In the meantime, however, I must veto this legislation."

The big question, of course, is how an appointed official can overrule elected officials, or a legislative action of a state assembly in accordance with the desires of the state's voters.

The Connecticut Motorcycle Association, Box 62, Waterford, Connecticut 06385, did an amazing job. They not only got the Governor to make a campaign promise of passing a helmet law repeal bill, but they were also able to get some of the top state representatives and state senators on their side—even to the extent that the repeal bill was passed on a voice vote.

ABATE salutes a really together organization, whose fighting spirit is evidenced by their attitude in defeat: "We may have lost the battle, but we're still fighting the helmet law."

This might be a good spot to ask you what **you** are doing about the situation. Sitting there picking your nose and nodding agreement won't do it. Join the fight—join state organizations like the CMA—get off your ass and join the only national organization that gives a damn about the street biker: **ABATE.**

HERO DEPT.:

We have questioned the motives of the manufacturers, and have criticized them for what we feel may be their selfish part in the constant outpouring of certain anti-personal-freedom bike laws. By doing so, we have automatically cut off any hope of receiving future advertising from them--for the name of the game is to brown-nose them, glorify their products editorially, and in return receive a share of their huge advertising budget every year.

But we decided, screw it, we would rather jam an altered bike, customized the way we want; wear a helmet when we want to, not wear one when we don't; fight for right, and screw hypocrisy.

All of us must fight to correct the wrongs. Any effort, no matter how small, is still an effort--so read article on page 26 and then decide what you can do.

AMA: Friend or Foe of Street Biker?

The American Motorcycle Association (AMA) has always been controlled by the motorcycle manufacturers and distributors.

*Presently, there are two classes of membership. **Class A** members are the 130,000 motorcycle enthusiasts who make up the bulk of the AMA membership.*

***Class B** members total only 65 in number, and are employed by motorcycle manufacturers, distributors, importers, manufacturers of motorcycle equipment (like helmets), and the motorcycle press.*

*These 65 members in Class B, however, **do all the electing of officials.** These 65 Class B members, or their representatives, elect the Board of Trustees and the President.*

This Board of Trustees are czars over all management activities of AMA — a job so vast that they (the Trustees) in turn elect a 12-member Executive Committet to aid them.

*Have you got that? **Sixty-five** members elect the Board of Trustees and the President, who in turn elect an Executive Committee.*

These employees of motorcycle manufacturers, et. al., who make up the 65-member Class B membership, you must remember, are not the dudes who gunk engine parts in the back of the shop, but rather, well-paid "company men," or perhaps we should say "industry men." Now—whose viewpoint are they going to take?

The AMA has always "led the fight to improve the motorcyclist's image" —or as the ad says, it is "constantly attempting to improve the public's attitude toward motorcycling." The AMA leaders have al-

ways been, and are to this day, anti-chopper.

Starting with **The Wild One** *motion picture, they set out to "inform" the public of "the biker's true image," and used the outlaws and their choppers as bad examples—the dudes in black hats—while the defenders of "wholesome motorcycling" wore white hats and white buck shoes and typified the squeaky-clean good guy.*

Perhaps this was necessary in years past, but what the AMA in their zealous effort to "improve the public's attitude toward motorcycling" have failed to notice (or have deliberately ignored) is that times have changed. That **chopper** *is no longer synonymous with* **outlaw**. *That all types are now riding choppers, and the stereotype picture they describe, or use to further their own selfish interests, is no longer valid.*

Because of AMA's pro-manufacturer attitude, they refuse to see that there are a helluva lot of bike riders who want to ride an original bike — one altered to their individual tastes—guys who don't want to ride the same bike, with the same factory colors, as everyone else and as a result disappear into the mass of average bikers.

The mass of (non-voting) members of the AMA are competitive oriented — or dirt bikers, or dudes who are merely joiners. It is easy to see that such a pro-manufacturer organization, with a membership of primarily competition-oriented bikers, would not be concerned with the street biker's problems.

Manufacturers are not interested in the problems of the guy who rides an altered or customized bike. It's against their interests. They don't want you riding old machines while they're grinding out new ones.

So what is this all about? Merely to call your attention to the fact that some of the organizations we have been thinking were on our side—are not.

In our opinion, one of those organizations is the AMA. They have neglected the street rider in favor of their pro-manufacturer interests as well as their racing activities—while you and I are strangling with repressive, unjust, arbitrary laws—and serving as their whipping boy.

We think a lot of our bike law problems have been caused by the AMA, and we think they should change their name to American Motorcycle Manufacturers Association. (Note helmet in their ad. They are selling the helmet as part of the "correct and proper" biker image.)

Bite Your Tongue!

When writing a letter of protest, remember, we are up against wealthy, slick, articulate professionals, who already have the lawmaker's ear.

Our best offense against this power is to be ourselves. What we want is just. The facts are on our side, so there is no need to be insulting or abusive, for all it will accomplish is to confirm the already low opinion he may have of chopper riders, and as a result play into our opposition's hands.

Insulting or crude letters will only harm our cause. So be specific and straight forward. Keep your letters short. Suggest positive alternatives. Talk to him—don't shout or cuss.

Use every opportunity to talk against oppressive laws: make your opinions known to neighbors, newspapers and magazines, radio and TV stations and to members of government —local, state, and federal.

It doesn't take many letters to influence someone — especially sincere statements, based on fact.

Remember **your** *letter represents all of us.*

Where does that leave us? Up you-know-what-creek, as far as the Government is concerned. We must take new directions —and we suggest you read the editorial on page 26.

ABATE has members in 48 states!

What can **you** do? Join **ABATE**. Let's get together in a mass so that our voice means something, has the weight and strength of numbers.

ABATE is a non-profit organization, sponsored by **Easyriders** magazine. If what has been said above doesn't get you off your ass, if you don't see the pending arbitrary laws, if you don't see that an organized protest is much more effective than a shotgun approach, then what else can we say?

When you join **ABATE**, you'll receive a decal, membership card, and **ABATE's** monthly bulletin bringing you up to date on all bike laws, pending bike laws, and reports on **ABATE's** progress and activities.

Send $3.00 for a year's charter membership, to **ABATE**, Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740.

Do it now, keeping in mind that, tomorrow, today will be yesterday — and we're already short of time.

Join Today!

***Don't put it off—
the people who
are making the laws
aren't!***

It's not necessary to use coupon—just put same info on separate sheet of paper—get your friends to join—we need a *loud* voice!

ABATE
Box 2086
Seal Beach, California 90740

Here's my $3.00 for a one-year charter membership in **ABATE** Send me my membership card, decal, and monthly bike law bulletin.

Name ____________________ Age ______

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ______

Phone ______ Can you help us in your state? ______

Comments: ____________________

____

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Comments: ____________________

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Photos and story by Jake

Would You Believe a Superglide?

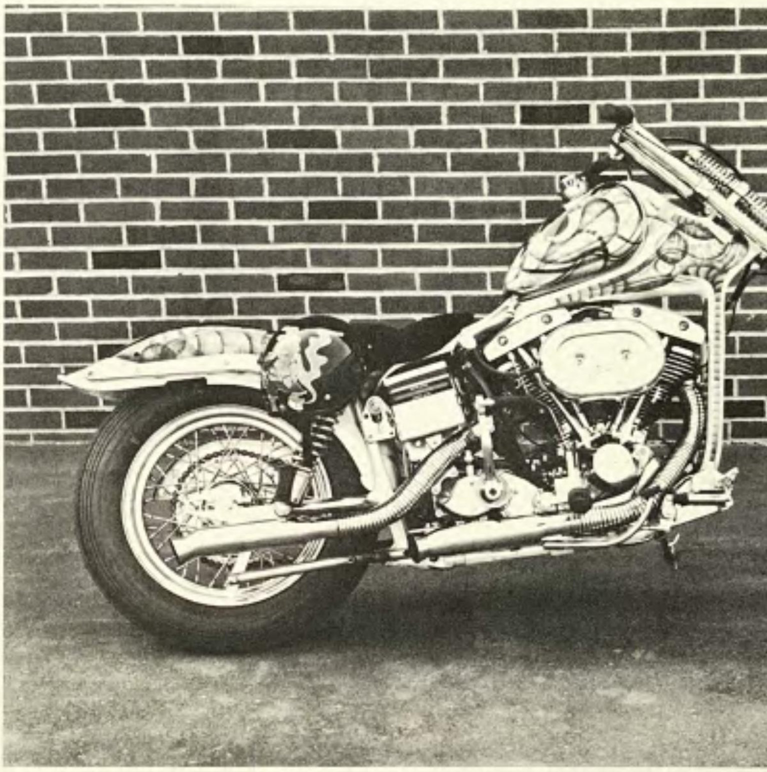
We've been sorta wondering when the inevitable first would occur in chopper country; you know, like that first step on the moon, or the first weekend swallow from the case of friendly hops. Well, leave it to a dude from the land of clam chowder and witch trials to do a number on an unsuspecting Superglide.

Mark Phillips is from Peabody, Mass., and his project began last fall with a trek to the friendly corner hawg shop, which relieved him of his pocketful of coin in exchange for a brand new F/X.

In the dead of night, the bike traveled exactly six ashamed miles as a stocker: down the street to the great chopper swami of the East, Kelsey Martin. In Kelsey's shop in Beverly, Mass., the Superglide was completely undressed and the transformation took place.

Since according to chopper law all engine parts should be smothered with chrome plating, Mark trucked the eighth-ton of castings, fixtures, and fasteners down to

Massachusetts biker rode Glide exactly six miles before having it customized as you see it here.



South Shore Plating, Quincy, Mass. Helping to reassemble things afterwards was Richie Willett, local wizard in such matters. For example, he reworked the oil tank with a filler cap relocated to the side, to clear the seat area, which was now filled in.

Meanwhile Kelsey continued to perform his art on the frame, which by now had been fully molded in with sheet metal, including an ingenious cradle that carries the tank with just one hold-down bolt. As usual, words fail to describe Kelsey's wild candy-over-pearl paint job.

And so now Mark has himself a six-mile-old chopper with all the late F/X goodies like alternator and swing-arm rear (New England routes are scenic, but lumpy!); and we're wondering who'll do what for encores.

Owner: Mark Phillips

General

Fabrication by: Kelsey Martin
Year & make: 1970 H-D
Model: Superglide
Value: $5500
Time: 9 months
Assembly: owner
Chroming: South Shore Plating

Engine

Year: 1970
Model: F/X
Builder: Richie Willett
Displacement: 74 cu. in.
Cam: stock
Lifters: stock
Carb(s): stock
Shifter: stock
Pipes: stock
Mufflers: Cycle Enterprises
Stacks: none

Wheels

Front: 19 in. Hallcraft   Rear: 16 in. stock

Frame

Year: 1970 H-D
Rake: 1½ inch
Rear susp.: stock
Bars: Hellings drag bar
Tank: Wessel peanut
Seat: Cheatah
Material: naugahyde
Sissy Bar: none

Forks

Type: new springer
Extension: 18 inch
Builder: D&D

Painting

Molding: Kelsey Martin
Painting: Kelsey Martin
Color: candy over yellow pearl
Type: Acrylic lacquer

Tires

Front: 2.75 x 19
Rear: 5.10 x 16

Chopper
Fiction

By Louis Bosque

Tiny competes in the race of all races—where neither the fastest bike nor the best rider has any special advantage over a town lush!

The Beer Run

"Hey, meathead, get outta the sack. It's time to go!"

Reno might have as well have been talking to the wall. The huge, elongated lump under the blankets made not the slightest move. As Reno's voice echoed through the room and finally died away, the only sounds left were a rumbling snore from the lump, mixed with smacking sounds from a dry mouth and the raspy panting of the giant German shepherd that lay sprawled and wide awake beside the lump, his big eyes fixed unblinkingly on Reno's face.

Reno reached down and yanked the blankets down to the foot of the bed. Big goosebumps appeared suddenly on the huge, hairy butt thus exposed, and Reno grinned. His big right hand came down in a smack on that enormous ass with a sound like the firing of a high-caliber rifle. "Come on, asshole. Time to go!"

With the smack of Reno's hand, the lump jerked like a startled grizzly bear and turned over on its back. Even the big dog jumped at the sound. The lump reached down with a hand that any grizzly would have been proud to claim as a front paw, scrabbled for the blankets, and the dry mouth opened to rumble obscenities when the hand failed to contact the covers. Two puffy, bloodshot eyes opened halfway. More obscenities. The big paw found the blankets, the eyes closed again, and the lump turned over on its side away from Reno, pulling the blankets over its big head.

Reno grinned again. Again he yanked the blankets down. "Come on, goddammit, off your ass. The run starts in a couple hours." He kicked the bed for emphasis. The 280-pound lump opened its eyes, stared for a second or so at the blank wall, and closed them again. Reno booted the bed again, harder.

The bearlike lump turned onto its back and the bloodshot eyes twitched. Reno bent down and grabbed a hairy shoulder, shaking hard. "Come on, man, up!" He started pushing down on the mattress, letting up, pushing down, giving the effect of a bouncing trampoline. The heavy, hairy lump rolled loosely with the motion, and so did the giant dog. The dog seemed to enjoy it. The lump very obviously didn't. The bloodshot eyes opened, and so did the dry mouth, making some more raspy smacking sounds, and finally Tiny's voice said: "Awright, awright, goddammit, knock it off! I'm awake!"

Looking more than ever like a disturbed grizzly, the big character sat up and swung his legs around. His feet hit the floor, and he sat hunched over in misery, holding his head in his hands and groaning.

Reno wasted no time in sympathy for Tiny's hangover. He had one himself. "Well, come on, man. Let's go. We're all dependin' on you in this run."

Tiny wasn't impressed. He scratched his armpits, and Reno was reminded of a louse-hunting gorilla. The gorilla scratched some more, here and there, the huge mouth opened and closed with those dry, smacking sounds, and the rugged-ugly features of the face screwed up painfully. The heavy voice complained: "Christ,

my mouth tastes like somebody—" He broke off and reached out one hand to scratch the big dog's ears. "Hitler, you sonuvabitch, did you shit in my mouth las' night?"

Hitler's big tail wagged furiously, and his huge body wiggled all over with obvious pleasure. He ran an enormous tongue out between teeth that would have been suitable for a saber-tooth tiger and tried to lick Tiny's face. Tiny got one whiff of the dog's morning breath and flinched backward. "Oh Christ," he groaned, "that's all I needed!" It took him a minute or so to get his churning gut under control, gulping back the urge to barf all over the place. Finally, he looked up at Reno, who had sat down in a chair across the room, waiting impatiently for Tiny to come to life. "How come," Tiny wanted to know, "you're so goddam chipper? You got as drunk as I did."

"Nobody gets as drunk as you do. Besides, I've got sense enough not to mix reds, whites, wine, beer, and vodka." Reno paused to snicker as he watched Tiny bend over to find a sock, and then straighten up again immediately with a deep groan and grab his head with both hands. "That four-bits-a-gallon wine you drink's murder by itself, but mixin' it with beer and hundred-proof vodka's pure insanity."

Tiny managed to scoop a sock out from under the bed with his foot, without bending over too much. "Ya know," he said with another groan, "I booted my ol' lady outta here because she gimme lip like that." He looked at Hitler. "Sic'em," he said. "Sic'em!"

Hitler looked at Reno, back at Tiny, and his tail started wagging again, as he started jumping around on the bed like a toy poodle, and his sudden barking had the force and quality of a rampant foghorn. Tiny covered his ears and let out an agonized roar. "Don't! Fer chrissakes, quit barkin', you fuckin' nazi! Stop it!"

Hitler shut up, sat down with a thump, and cocked his head to one side, as if wondering what in hell was wrong. His tail wagged, stopped, wagged again, and his head cocked to the other side. His wondering eyes never left Tiny's face.

Reno, watching the puzzled dog, broke up, holding his own head so it wouldn't fall off while he laughed. "That," he finally managed to get out, "will teach you to fuck with me."

"Don't kid yourself, man. If ol' Adolf thought I meant it, he'd have your ass."

"Bullshit. He's a whore. He's buddies with whoever'll feed him."

Tiny started rubbing his head. "If you wuz a buddy you'd get me some aspirins—and a coupla whites."

"Sure, man. Where are they?"

Tiny pointed. "Over there, on the dresser."

Reno got the pills and handed them to Tiny. The big guy took them in a limp hand, looked down at them, and then up at Reno.

"I s'pose," Reno said, "you want some water." He grinned down at Tiny's sick face and added: "Or maybe you want some hair o' the dog?"

Tiny flashed on the thought of drinking wine right now. A chill ran over him, goosebumps broke out all over him and he shuddered from head to foot at the thought.

Reno watched with high interest as Tiny fought down another urge to barf everything he'd eaten for the last week. Tiny won his battle, and Reno turned away to bring a glass of water. He was still chuckling at Tiny's misery as he handed over the water. Tiny dropped the pills, washed them down with a gulp from the glass. Then, too sick to do anything else about Reno's snickering, he flipped the rest of the water at the guy. Reno ducked, and the water caught Hitler full in the face. The dog let out a yelp that sounded like a string breaking on a bass fiddle. He stared blankly at Tiny, then at Reno, then back at Tiny. He raised a front paw and swiped it over his face. He shook his head in bewilderment, pawed his face some more, and again stared in turn at the two guys. He looked as if he didn't know whether to bark or bite —or which one to bite if that was what he decided to do. He was a classic study in indecision.

Tiny and Reno both broke up in helpless, roaring laughter.

Two cups of coffee later, Tiny was able to get around without stumbling over his own feet. He shuffled off toward the john. "Man," he was muttering to himself as much as to Reno, "did I tie one on last night!" Reaching the john door, he turned to Reno. "I just remembered. I had a bitchin' chicano chick all talked into comin' home with me." He thought for a painful moment. "You know what happened to her?"

Reno was getting edgy. It was time to get goin', not stand around talkin'. "Well," he said reluctantly, "you got pretty rank with her— "

Tiny interrupted. "I did? I don't remember nothin' about that." He went on into the john, mumbling to himself.

Reno waited—and waited. "Hey, man," he finally shouted impatiently at the closed door, "you fall in?"

No answer.

Reno waited some more. "Hey, asshole, come on! We're runnin' late!"

The door opened and Tiny came out, his hair and face dripping water from being held under the cold-water tap. He looked around, searching for a towel. "What the fuck you yellin' about?" he growled. He grabbed a towel that hung from the foot of his bed and started a rough massage of his entire head.

"Come on, man, get your ass in gear—we gotta get all the way to the river by noon."

"So what's the problem?" Tiny pulled a tie-dyed tank-top shirt over his head. "All I need now is a few groceries"—he patted his gut as he tucked the shirt into his Levi's—"and I'll be ready to fly!" He walked over to the dresser, picked up a few coins and his wallet, and stuffed them into his tight pockets. He ran a comb through his hair a couple of times and dropped another white with a toss of his head, barely managing to get it down without water, frowning slightly at the taste in his mouth before the damned thing finally went down. He looked over at Reno, who was digging a copy of *Cover Girl*, a porno magazine Tiny had ordered from Denmark. "Okay, man, let's split." Tiny patted his gut again. "Christ, I could eat the ass end of a horse."

Reno tossed the magazine aside. "How in hell," he wondered aloud, "do they get such pretty chicks to pose for such rank pictures?" Then, quickly, before Tiny could follow up with any comment, he got up and headed for the door. "We goin' to Olivia's?"

"Hell yes. I'm hungry."

As if on cue, Hitler barked. One loud, demanding, foghorn bark.

Tiny, heading for the door along with Reno, stopped as suddenly as if he'd run into a brick wall in the dark. A stricken look flashed over his face, a look Reno'd seen on the face of a mother who suddenly remembered that it was far past her only baby's feeding time. Reno quickly dropped his eyes. Tiny sure as hell wouldn't appreciate knowing that anybody'd ever caught that look on his face. But Tiny covered nicely. "Uh—you go on ahead," he muttered to Reno. "I gotta feed this goddam mutt first. He'll have my ass when I get back if I don't." He turned back into the room, growling roughly — too roughly — at Hitler: "Shuddup, you oversize kraut!" He took the dog's head between his gorilla paws and shook it violently back and forth. But Reno noticed that the violence was that of a father giving his favorite small son a wrestling lesson. Hitler growled and showed his teeth. But Reno noticed, too, that Hitler's threat was about

as convincing as Tiny's rough handling. It was a short moment of revelation.

"Okay, Tiny, you feed your son and I'll see ya at Olivia's." He walked out and closed the door behind him.

Olivia's Cafe was *the* place in town for soul food. Olivia was a hardworking black woman who served fantastic food, from six in the morning till nine at night. Her place was especially popular with big eaters; she served a heaping platter of food at amazingly low prices. Heavy bikers (both black and white), hippies, straights, businessmen, poor people, dope heads—you name it, they all sat elbow to elbow at the counter or jammed into the booths along the wall behind the counter stools.

Olivia's waitresses were always young, hip, white chicks—usually spaced. The rest of her help were black. Olivia had worked her business up to the point where now all she had to do was take the money, oversee the cooking, and have a ready, friendly smile and a warm greeting for everyone who came through her door. The smile and the greeting, incidentally, were real; any wiseguy who didn't deserve them didn't get them.

Reno walked in, spotted a vacant booth, and sat down in it, waving to Olivia, who was grinning from ear to ear at him through the serving window. A new chick, one Reno'd never seen before, was at his booth immediately to take his order. For some reason, none of the chicks at Olivia's lasted long. Reno figured it was a case of them grabbing a job until they had saved enough bread to move on — for they all seemed to disappear as abruptly as they appeared.

"Hi," this one said, bending over the table to place a paper napkin and navy-surplus stainlessware in front of him.

"Hi," Reno responded absently. He was busy admiring full breasts that dangled and swung freely, without benefit of bra, inside a very thin blouse.

She straightened up, her breasts joggling deliciously and drawing Reno's eyes along as if with attached wires. She took an order pad from her waistband and poised her pencil, waiting for his order.

It took a moment or so. Reno's eyes were watching the pink tips of her young breasts poking out against the sheer blouse. The girl cleared her throat gently.

"Oh—uh—there'll be two of us. The other guy'll be here in a minute." He studied her face briefly, looked into her eyes, and concluded that she was obviously on some heavy shit.

The girl seemed impatient now. "Do you want to order now, or wait?" Her eyes studiously avoided meeting his.

"Gimme a coffee. Black. I'll order breakfast when my buddy gets here."

She mumbled a faint "Thank you" as she quickly moved away from him. It was as if she knew he'd pinned her. Reno's eyes followed her. She was wearing a floor-length skirt, and he concluded that she probably shot her stuff into her ankles; her blouse was sleeveless, and he'd seen no tracks on her arms. A good-lookin' kid, too. Jesus, what a waste.

The cafe door slammed shut with a loud bang. Tiny's bull voice was even louder: "Whatta ya say, Olivia? You got a lotta good chow back there? I'm starvin'!"

People at the counter cringed involuntarily. So did Reno. Chrissakes, it was like Tiny was out in the woods yellin' at somebody a mile away. What a crude bastard he was. But then Reno remembered the little scene between Tiny and Hitler. He shook his head. Who the hell could figure people? Olivia simply flashed her broad grin and nodded her head at Tiny. She seemed to dig the guy. Reno couldn't figure it out. Then he shook his head again and grinned to himself. Hell, he dug the guy himself, else why the hell did he spend so much time with him? Well, fuck the philosophy bit. Today, Reno—and the whole Booze Fighters M/C—was depending on Tiny to come through.

Tiny flopped down in the booth, opposite Reno—flopped so hard that he shook the people in the booth behind him — and he didn't even notice—naturally. "Hey, man," he boomed, "ya know, that goddam dog's gonna break me. He inhaled two cansa dog food faster'n you could sniff a rowa coke—an' thirty-cents-a-can shit, too!"

Reno cringed again. Tiny was still talking to somebody a mile away. People were sneaking peeks at him over their shoulders, wondering what the hell kind of tornado this was that had just blown in. Reno frowned at Tiny and waved a hand to quiet him down.

Tiny didn't even see the hand. "Christ, man, I mixed him up a washpan fulla dried dogshit, an' even before I could get my scoot started he was givin' me shitty looks as if I'd never fed 'im in his life. Ya know, his gut's gettin' as big . . . as big . . ." His voice trailed away to nothing, and his eyes were bugging at something over Reno's left shoulder. Reno turned to see their waitress approaching, unbound breasts joggling, pink nipples drawing wild patterns against the thin material of her blouse.

Tiny leered, wet his lips. "Well, look what we got here!"

The waitress ignored Tiny, addressing herself to Reno. "Are you ready to order now?"

"Yeah. Gimme the number one breakfast, ham, eggs, potatoes, orange juice—the works. Oh, yeah, the eggs over."

Both Reno and Tiny watched her as she wrote down the order. Reno was wondering how such a sweet thing could get herself so thoroughly fucked up. Tiny was wondering how he could fuck her up. She finished with Reno's order and looked at Tiny.

"Uh—is the lunch menu ready?" Tiny wondered.

"One moment. I'll see." The girl went off toward the kitchen.

Reno gaped at Tiny. "Lunch! Man, you just got up."

"Well, it's after eleven—so what?"

The waitress came back. Reno and Tiny—especially Tiny—watched as she came back to the booth. "Everything's ready," she said with a shy smile, "except the cornbread." Her smile told Reno that she knew what they—and again, especially Tiny—were thinking.

The idea of food distracted Tiny's mind, at least temporarily, from the girl's body. "Okay, I'll have short ribs, greens, black-eyed peas, mashed potatas, and gravy; two large milks—and two strawberry soda pops."

Reno felt his stomach heave slightly at Tiny's order.

The waitress thanked Tiny for the order and walked away. Tiny stared lecherously after her. "Man, would I like a go at that!"

"Notice anything unusual about her?" Reno asked casually.

"Yeah. Them big tits!" Tiny licked his lips again.

"No, asshole. The tits are obvious. Did you notice anything else about her?"

"Yeah. She looked like she's on smack. But so what—I'd still like ta screw her."

Reno looked curiously at him. "Don't you ever think about anything but screwin'?"

"Is there anythin' else? That's what chicks are for, ain't it?"

Reno wished he'd kept his big mouth shut. "No, man, there are a few other things between a man and a woman."

"Like what?"

Reno thought about the bond he'd glimpsed so briefly this morning between Tiny and Hitler. But Tiny would never consider such a bond possible between a man and a woman. He wouldn't even admit any such bond between himself and Hitler. Real love, the book writers would call it. Tiny would call it bullshit. Reno made a bet with himself. He bet that Tiny would call it bullshit. He called his own bet: "Love," he said in answer to Tiny's

"Like what?"

"Bullshit!"

Reno congratulated himself on his brilliant foresight.

"Love, schmove! You sound like a cunt," Tiny went on. "Take all the bullshit out of it, it boils down to plain screwin'!"

Reno started edging his way out of the situation. "You scare hell outta women, Tiny. You come on too strong."

Tiny sneered. "That's what *you* say. It's actually my joint that scares 'em. They don't know if they c'n handle it."

Reno breathed a sigh of relief as the waitress walked up. Tiny stared directly at her breasts as he asked, "Hey, you wanna go fer a ride on my chopper?"

The waitress put his food down on the table in front of him. "No, thanks. Motorcycles scare me."

"Well, forget the bike. How about just a plain ol' date?"

The waitress smiled faintly. "I'd like that — but my boy friend wouldn't."

Deflated, Tiny said: "Oh, you got one o' *them*."

"Yes. He's sitting right over there at the end of the counter." She pointed toward the front of the cafe. "But thank you, anyway."

Tiny and Reno craned their necks in an effort to get a look at her boy friend, but he was hidden by a crowd around the jukebox. They turned their attention to their food, eating quickly and with litttle conversation. Finished, they put money on the table and left the cafe.

As they got to their bikes, Tiny asked, "Hey, you get a shot at her boy friend?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"He's a spade."

"So?"

"So nothin'. He's just black, that's all."

They unchained their bikes and straddled them. Tiny looked over at Reno. "You know what they say about black dudes, don'cha?" Without waiting for Reno's answer, he went on: "They're s'posed ta be hung ta their knees."

Reno jumped on his starter pedal to prime his engine. "So?"

"So, if she c'n handle that dude, she c'n handle me!"

"Man, you sure hate yourself, don't you?"

"Well, some of us got it, an' some of us ain't."

Reno jumped on his pedal again. "Shit, man, if they cut two inches off your joint there'd be an inch hole in your belly."

Tiny's mouth flapped, but the roar of Reno's 80 firing up covered whatever the guy was trying to say. Reno warmed up his engine and then blasted out of the lot, kicking sand and gravel all over a suddenly cussing Tiny.

The Annual Beer Run was held every year, right after the first heavy rain of the fall season. Members of all the various bike clubs in the area competed in the event, with the winner receiving the skilled services of a ten-dollar whore. The second-place prize was a gallon of rotgut wine.

The rules of the race were simple. Each contestant would roar up to a specified check point, shut off his engine, drink a half-quart can of beer, start his engine and roar up to a second checkpoint, shut off his engine, and . . . After four or five checkpoints, the field got weeded out fast. In the past five years there had never been more than four guys finish the race, out of the twenty to thirty who had started.

The course weaved down into and up out of and alongside a river bed that was usually dry during the summer. The first heavy rainfall of autumn brought it partially back to life, filling holes with water, creating mud, and generally making it almost impossible to ride a bike in. A patch of water might be just a thin film, or it might be the filling for a deep hole. The Course Committee, consisting of representatives from the various clubs, were a dedicated group of sadists. They enjoyed considerable glee in plotting the most nearly impossible course imaginable, the ultimate objective being, of course, to have a year in which *nobody* finished the race.

"Why in hell (cough) don't you (cough) look first!"

No man-made barriers, or any easements, were allowed. The Committee, using yellow marker flags, posted a course that was by nature alone impossible to go over without a lot of skill, presence of mind, quick thinking, and super-alertness. This is where the beer came into the picture. The looser the riders got, the more mistakes they made in judgment. After enough flops, falls, somersaults, etc., most riders said to hell with it.

Little John was taking a big slug out of a wine bottle when Reno and Tiny pulled in. He walked over to them. Tiny was squatting between the bikes, chaining them together. Little John goosed him with the toe of his boot.

"Oooh," Tiny said, wiggling his butt, "your nose is cold today." He hadn't even turned around to see who was giving him the business.

Little offered his jug to Reno. "Shit, I thought you guys'd never get here."

Reno's stomach revolted at sight of the jug. He shook his head, not ready for wine yet, not after last night. "Moose here yet?" He looked around for Moose's van.

"Yeah, he's here with the bike, and ol' —"

"I see the truck," Reno interrupted. Then, looking down at Tiny, who'd just finished the chaining: "Hey, Tiny, maybe we shoulda chained the bikes to Moose's truck."

Tiny straightened, dusting his Levi's, and gave Reno a disgusted look. "You're just one fuckin' minute too late," he said.

Little John offered Tiny the jug as the three of them walked toward Moose's van. Tiny, unlike Reno, took it. "Man," Little bubbled, "wait till ya see the bike Moose's built. Big skid plate, knobby tire—the whole fuckin' works!" Little sounded like a kid headed for his own birthday party. He poked Tiny on the arm. "An' man, you should see the beast that's first prize. She's just your type, big, fat, ugly, hairy—and with one front tooth missin'. She got that knocked out at a Jokers stag party the other night."

"Who cares?" Tiny growled. "Stand 'em on their head, they all look alike."

Little John laughed at the old gag. Reno corrected Tiny. "Not necessarily. Some are pretty—and some look like you're staring into the face of a wildcat with leprosy."

"Yeah." Little John took up the idea. "With leprosy—and bad breath." Little John broke up at his own wit.

Moose had the bike running and was adjusting the carburetion as the trio walked up.

"Hey, Moose, how they hangin'?" Tiny shouted over the roar of the bike.

Moose glanced up briefly. "'Bout time you got your dead ass here."

Tiny grinned. "Well, if you hadn't loaded me up with all that booze las' night I'da been here earlier." He parked his big rearend on the seat of the bike.

Moose finished his tuning and straightened up. "Whatta ya mean?" He waved a screwdriver in Tiny's face. "I kicked your ass outta the Joint at eleven last night, just so you could be ready today."

Tiny goosed the engine. "Man, I'm ready. What more ya want?"

Moose wasn't satisfied. "Well, the Booze Fighters've got a lotta bread invested in this bike. You're the only asshole we think can win this race, but you gotta be in shape to start with."

"He may be the only *asshole*—but he ain't the only *guy* that could win it." Reno said it, but he didn't believe it. Every member of the Booze Fighters felt capable of winning the race when it came to driving skill, but they all knew damned well that nobody in the club could match Tiny's drinking capacity. The best riders would be falling off their bikes from the effects of the beer, rather than from losing them in the mud or having mechanical breakdowns. Tiny was the only real human beer barrel around.

Tiny gave Reno a what's-this-shit look. Tiny firmly believed he'd been chosen because of his guts and ability. His own drinking capacity hadn't even occurred to him. Nor had the fact that the drunker he got, the faster he went.

Moose poked the big guy on the arm. "Okay, ya made it, ya big shit. Ya feel awright? Ya hungover? Need any help?"

"Man, I'm great. Come on, le's get it on."

The race was one against the clock, the winner being the rider who got to the finish line in the shortest elapsed time. Each contestant's recorded time started at the moment he was handed a half-quart can of beer. He had to drain the can and hand the empty back to the race official, who held it up and turned it over to show the crowd that the beer had been consumed. As the official held up the can, the contestant had to start his bike and roar off to the first checkpoint, guided by the yellow flags that indicated the course boundaries. Officials and spectators could follow a much easier and faster course between checkpoints, so as to follow the main action throughout the race.

Tiny had the enviable ability to hold his head back and apparently pour beer down his throat as he'd pour it down a drain. Everybody supposed he really had to swallow, of course, but nobody'd ever be able to prove it by watching him. He was without doubt the chugalugger of all time.

Now he inhaled his beer and was first off the line. Reno, Moose, and the Booze Fighters were already on the way to the first checkpoint. They wanted to be there when Tiny got in, even though the early checkpoints weren't as important as the later ones.

Every type of bike was represented in the race. The older clubs stuck by the heavier, more cumbersome Harleys, while some of the younger clubs, thinking of the race as a moto-cross event, deserted the Hog in favor of lightweight dirt bikes. No matter what, the most important thing was for the club colors to win. There was no particular advantage to riding one type of bike over another. The course was devised in such a way that part of it was in favor of the dirt bikes, and part of it in favor of the Hogs. But the great equalizer was the brew. A dude could have the best bike in the world, but if he couldn't stay on it after four quarts of beer, it didn't matter what he rode.

At the first stop, the spectators watched the huge cloud of dust kicked up by the bikes as they streaked up out of the riverbed and across a plowed field toward the checkpoint, chewing up the wet dirt covering and tossing up the dry dirt underneath into the air.

The first bike in was a Bultaco, followed by a Yamaha and a Honda. Moose was really down. He thought sure as hell something had happened to Tiny.

Little John tried to dispel the gloom. "Don't sweat. Th' first leg don't mean a thing. Ol' Tiny'll be chuggin' in here any . . ." His words trailed off as he squinted at what appeared to be an approaching dust storm. "There's th' big tubba shit now!"

Every Hog freak had to grin happily. Tiny was raising as much dirt as the three leaders had picked up in combination. The big Hog, topped by Tiny's huge bulk, looked like a Sherman tank bearing down on them.

Tiny skidded to a stop. His front and the whole bike was a solid mass of mud, and he was grinning like the crazy ape he was. "Man, whatta fuckin' ball! This scoot really hauls!" Mud flew as he slapped Moose on the shoulder. "Ya done a great job, Moose." He grabbed the half-quart from the official and slurped half of it down in one gulp.

Moose yelled over the irritating sound of the Yamaha taking off. "Christ, man, you had us worried. Two Jap bikes come in aheada ya and scairt th' shit outta us."

Tiny swiped a muddy hand across his muddier mouth, watching the Bultaco race away behind the Yamaha. "Them punks ain't gonna get past the third stop—you wait'n see. They're too hung up on the race image—leathers, helmets, loud mufflers, big fuckin' numbers on their bikes—they're goin' along like it's purely a race." He took the second half of his beer in another big glug, handling the empty to the official. "An' you and me know, daddy," he said to Moose, "this ain't *that* kind of a race." He fired the big Hog and took off as if a traffic cop might be watching him, while others, following him, took off as if in a drag race.

At the second checkpoint, the Bultaco didn't show. The Honda came in first, followed by a Triumph and then a Harley. Tiny didn't seem to be as calm as he had been at the first stop. He grabbed his beer from the official, put it down in three big slugs, and handed over the can, taking off again without conversation.

The next two stops were the same relatively quiet routine. Tiny took a long leak, guiding the leak with one hand and upending the beer can with the other, wasting no time.

At the fifth stop, the pace had changed considerably. The bikes that had led in the early part of the race were all missing. With two and a half quarts in them, guys were getting sick from the bouncing around. If they weren't sick, they went out of the race from accidents or mechanical failures. Bike arrivals were uncertain now, especially among smaller, younger guys, as the effects of the beer took over. They pulled into the checkpoint more slowly, some wobbling. A few failed to put down kickstands properly, or outright forgot about them, and bikes flopped over as riders stumbled off them. Grinning, laughing, staggering, they described funny things they'd seen along the course.

At this stop, Tiny started to loosen up again. "Christ, you shoulda seen what happened ta that Triumph that'd been buggin' me so long." He took a big gulp from the can. "I passed him at the start of the last lap, an' he went crazy. Shit, he kep' tryin' ta pass me like we wuz in a track race." He took another slug of beer. "Then we come to a flat spot. He sees a place with a thin layer o' water over it—only it's outside the course boundaries—so he shoots off the course an' around me into the water, an' he splashes the damn stuff all over me. I get really pissed an' take off after him. An' damn if he don't disappear—jus' plain, flat disappear. That thin layer o' water turned out to be a hole fulla water, an' he hit it full bore. Went ass up over the handlebars an' the bike disappeared under him. He finally stood up, neck deep in water, lookin' around like he wondered where in hell he wuz an' how in hell he got there." Tiny upended the beer can again. "Man, you shoulda seen th' fucker's face!" He broke into a beer-choked roar of laughter, spraying everyone within six feet of him.

Moose was getting antsy, and Tiny noticed it. "Take it easy, Moose, we got it knocked." He pointed to a guy who was trying to start his Hog. "That guy's so goddamn drunk he can't stand up. An' he's got three more stops to make—a quart an' a half more brew." He patted Moose's shoulder. "Shit, man, I'm jus' gettin' started."

"Well, cool it. Don't make no mistakes like that dude on the Triumph."

"Me? You kiddin'?"

"Git yer ass outta here!" Tiny

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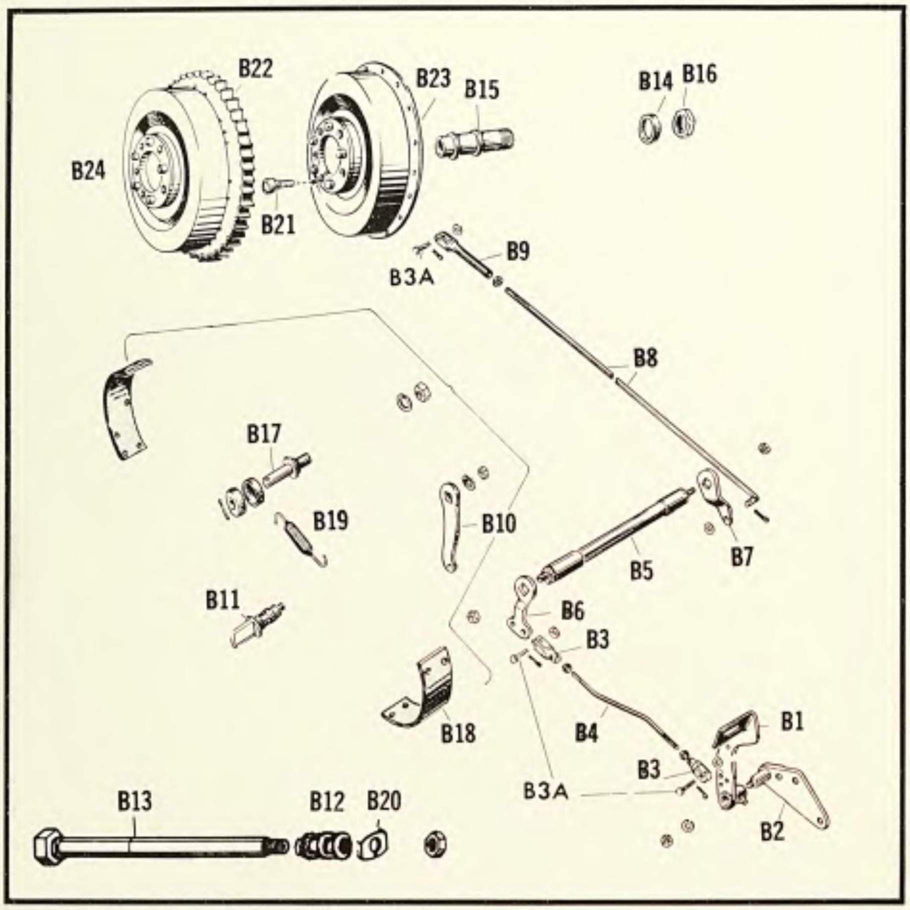

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was getting a good buzz on, and Moose could tell it—the big bastard was gettin' talky.

Reno pointed suddenly. "There goes a dude on a Honda," he yelled, hoping it would goose Tiny into action.

It did. Tiny glanced at the Honda as it took off on an erratic course. He snickered, fired up his Hog, and lit out after the Honda.

The elapsed time between checkpoints got longer and longer as the pace slowed down. Guys were accidentally flopping their bikes, killing engines, and trying drunkenly to start them again. Some stopped in midcourse to take a leak, forcing the next rider to swerve and as often as not lose all control. Some were so gassed that when they were thrown from their bikes in a fairly comfortable spot they'd just lie there, having had enough of the insanity going on around them. Some clubs urged broads onto a dude when he fell, making sure he wouldn't have any desire to go farther. One chick sat — completely nude — on a tree branch right over the course, and as contestants came around a curve, she'd spread her legs wide to give them a cinerama view that practically guaranteed they wouldn't see the sharp turn in the course just beyond her; they usually shot straight ahead into an area filled with two feet of mud.

At the sixth stop, only eleven out of the original thirty-four were still in the race. Some of them were just barely in the race, being propped up by buddies while other buddies started the bikes for them. This wasn't legal, but by this time things were so loose that nobody gave a damn.

Only six bikes showed up at the seventh stop. By now the whole thing was one big beer bust. Everybody was drinking and shouting either encouragement or insults at each other. It was no longer a race; it was a matter of merely staying conscious and somewhat able to move.

The last bike in at the seventh was Tiny. He was feeling no pain, but he appeared to be in better shape than the others. He took his beer from the official, forgetting to shut off his bike. Reno reached down and cut the engine for him. "Christ," Tiny roared with a gargantuan belch, "you should see some o' them assholes! Ridin' along, an' then fer no goddam reason a-tall just floppin' the bike, laughin' their asses off." He took another slug of beer—and let out another roaring belch. "Some o' the bastards started throwin' rocks an' sticks at us, but they wuz so fuckin' stoned they'd fall on their asses 'fore they could let go o' whatever the hell they wuz throwin'. Nobody got hit—at least

I didn't."

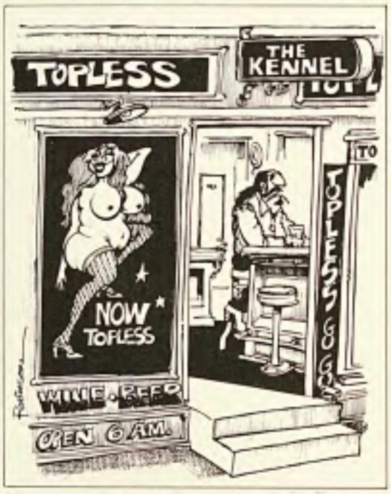
Moose was still all business: "How's the scoot goin'?"

Tiny took another big slug out of the can. "Fine. Ever'thing's fine. No sweat now. We're jus' puttin'—nobody's pourin' it on."

Reno was studying Tiny closely. "How do you feel? You gonna stay sober enough to finish?"

"Yeah, man, I got it—" Tiny broke off with a weird sound made up of roaring laughter mixed with a strangling belch. He pointed with an unsteady forefinger. "Loo—looka that!"

The crowd's eyes followed the pointing finger. A few feet away there was a wasted dude standing



"I dunno, Max, but this topless crap is gonna attract a lot of lower-class types!"

astride a Hog with plenty of support from a buddy on each side of him. He was pouring beer downward toward his upturned mouth, but most it was missing its target, running over his cheeks, his chin, down his neck, all over him and the bike. He was taking a leak, too, over the side of the bike, guiding the stream with his free hand—guiding it unknowing but also unerringly straight onto the lower part of his leg.

Tiny quit laughing and got an accusing look on his face. He looked around at the crowd. They looked back at him in silence, their eyes asking if he intended to pick on a cripple. Tiny's look turned sheepish. He waved a big hand—very unsteadily. "Well, hell, it's illegal," he muttered. "They ain't s'posed to be helpin' him . . ." He sounded so much like an overgrown baby that everybody broke up, with Tiny finally joining in the laughter.

Little John had spotted something. "Hey, there's a cat looks like he c'n hold his booze." Besides the fact that the guy was sitting almost casually astride a big Indian without help from anybody, there was something else about him that got Little's attention. He walked over to take a closer look at that dude. Well, by God, he thought, an Indian on an Indian. He turned back to where Tiny was busy pissing a real torrent. "Hey, Tiny, that big cat on the Indian don't look as stoned as the others."

Tiny turned to look, neglecting to turn off the fire-hose stream of pungent piss he was ejecting. Little John leaped frantically to one side, but it was too late. Tiny got him across both pants legs. "Well," said Tiny matter-of-factly, "then he's the guy I gotta beat." He turned back around, the stream still spouting, and got Little John again.

"Okay then, le's get it on!" Little's face was slightly purple from his efforts at controlling his temper, and he tried to be casual as all hell about alternately shaking both soaked legs. Wouldn't do right now to get the club's champion all shook up by chewin' him out for a little thing like pissin' all over a guy—the lousy, motherf— Little John gritted his teeth and forced his mind back to the race. "C'mon, Tiny, le's go!"

But Tiny wasn't through yet. After all, he had a lot of beer to get rid of. He acted as if he had all the time in the world. He got hung up on drawing fancy patterns in the dirt with his amber-liquid paintbrush. He seemed completely fascinated with it. When he finished, at long last, he simply got onto the bike, kicked it over, and took off without comment, leaving an apoplectic Little John standing alone in a circle of beer-sotted spectators who roared with laughter at the poor guy.

The dude on the Indian came alive when he saw Tiny take off. Two of the remaining contestants were trying drunkenly to start their bikes, while the other two had flaked out; the race was over as far as they were concerned.

At the eighth checkpoint, the Indian was first in. Tiny followed a minute later, and as he came in, he charged straight toward the Indian, spun a sharp brody, kicking sand and mud all over the Indian and his hangers-on, and then rode slowly over toward Moose's truck.

Moose gave him a hard look. "What the hell was that all about?"

Tiny snatched the beer from the official, chugalugged most of it, belched like a small explosion, and finally snapped: "That sonuvabitch forced me inna deep mud, off the goddam course. I hadda shove the bike back on the course again." He tilted the can, drained the beer, crunched the can in one big fist and handed it to the official. Then, without further comment, he kicked over his engine and headed the Hog

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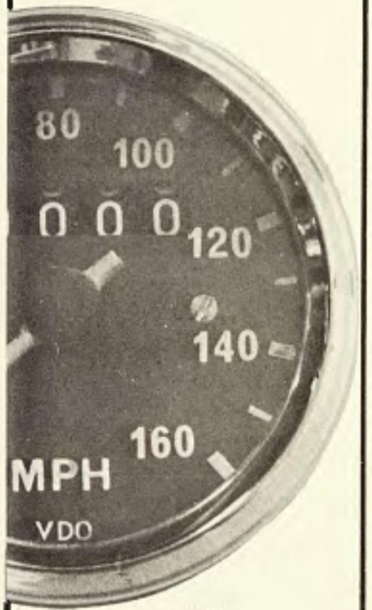

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straight for the crowd surrounding the Indian. Again, he swerved just short of hitting anybody, but he gave them another full dose of mud and sand, and sent most of the Indian's buddies scrambling for safety.

The Indian, big as he was and apparently able to hold his booze, was no match for Tiny when it came to chugalugging. With effort, he finally got his beer down, though, and took off after Tiny, who had a good thirty-second start on him.

The race was close most of the way, but Tiny had one advantage over the big Indian: He was known by his buddies as Iron Kidneys Tiny because of his ability to put off taking a leak longer than anybody else they'd ever seen. On a run, he'd be as chipper as a squirrel in a nut orchard, while the others were doubled over in acute pain, yelling for a piss-stop. The Indian, unfortunately for him, didn't share this talent, and as a result, Tiny gained minutes on him.

The last sadistic trap of the run was a stretch of super-hard dirt with an inch of muddy silt covering it. The Course Committee had planned the course to come up over a steep hill and then down a sudden, even steeper incline to the slippery silt and into a right-angle turn that could be taken only at about five miles an hour. The finish line was clearly visible from the top of the hill, a tantalizingly short distance straight ahead. This welcome sight was supposed to distract the stoned rider's attention away from the fact that the yellow flags marking the course curved sharply away to the right at the bottom of the slope. Overconfident, he would then roar down the slope, suddenly spot the curve in the course, and lose everything in the mud as he tried to take the turn too fast. Even if he braked, he'd likely lose it in that slippery goo that hid a rock-hard surface. A hell of a job for a sober biker, to say nothing of a stoned one.

Predictably, Tiny came flying over the crest of the hill, flashed on the finish line, and poured it on as he headed down the slope. Thinking of the Indian somewhere behind him, he didn't spot the turn until he was almost into it. His eyes bugged, he braked sharply, and he put a boot down in an attempt to hot-shoe it around the turn. He gripped the bars and leaned the bike, but instead of turning, it began to drift sideways as he gunned it to pull out of the slide. The mud was ice-slick — nothing to grab onto — and the bike went out from under him almost before he could get his leg out from under it. He and the bike slid helplessly along, the bike on its side, Tiny on his back. The bike headed, front wheel foremost, straight for a dirt bank at the end of the muddy area, crashing into the bank and ending up with a slightly bent wheel and fork.

Tiny crashed into the bike. He lay there for a few seconds, wondering exactly what the hell had happened, and then tried to get to his feet. He promptly hit the mud again as his feet went out from under him. Christ, it was like tryin' to walk in snot. He scooted carefully over to the bank. Once on solid ground, he grabbed the bike and hauled it up to safety. He put the kickstand down and tried to fire the engine. One kick, two, three. Nothing. He waited. Then one, two, three, four kicks. Still nothing.

He heard the roar of an approaching bike. It could only be that goddam Indian. Tiny started frantically pushing his bike toward the finish line, a couple of hundred yards away. He turned his head to watch as the Indian topped the hill and roared down the slope—only to give a duplicate of Tiny's performance in the muddy stretch. Tiny grinned tightly and pushed all the harder toward the finish line.

But all that exertion, and all that beer sloshing around inside him, was making him feel sick. Besides, he realized that if he didn't stop and piss right now, he'd be a damn sight sicker. He stopped and unzipped.

Behind him, he heard the Indian fire up. He forgot about the piss. He forgot, even, to put his joint back in his pants. He simply started pushing frantically again toward the finish line.

Another sixty yards to go. The Booze Fighters were running along beside Tiny, urging him on. Horns were honking. People were laughing and pointing at Tiny, with his wide-open Levi's and dangling dong. This was the finish to end all finishes.

The Indian was closing in fast, and he was headed straight for Tiny, with the obvious intention of giving the big guy a dose of his own medicine by pulling as close to Tiny as he could. Any fool could plainly see that the Indian had the race in the bag.

And Tiny picked that moment to realize what everybody was pointing at and laughing about. He glanced down, hurriedly took one hand off the bike to stuff the family jewel back into his Levi's—and the front wheel of the Hog hit a small rock, whipping to the right.

The Indian, really highballing it, nearly hit that front wheel at full bore, while Tiny grabbed frantically at the handlebars to straighten the machine out. The Indian cut away sharply to avoid collision, but he clipped Tiny's front wheel hard enough to mangle it. The Indian

lost control and fell off his bike, which ran along by itself until it hit a bump and fell over, engine still revving. Tiny stared stupidly at the mangled front wheel of his bike, shrugged, and then walked away.

The Indian, protected by his leathers, didn't have a scratch on him, but he just lay where he fell, completely stoned. The race was over. So was the tension. The brew took over, and the Indian lay there laughing like an idiot.

The race was declared a tie. Tiny and the Indian would have to flip a coin to see who got first prize and who got second.

Tiny took things in their proper order. First, he finished taking his delayed leak, and then he walked over to the sprawled Indian. He looked down at the laughing face. "Hey, man, I'm sorry 'bout that. The damn bike got away from me." He joined in the Indian's laughter. "You'll never believe how it happened."

The Indian stopped laughing long enough to gasp, "That's okay. I shouldn't have been so close to you. I was just trying to get even with you for kicking mud all over me at the last stop."

"An' I was jus' gettin' back at you fer forcin' me inta the mud." Tiny reached down to give him a hand up. The Indian grabbed it, and Tiny hauled him to his feet. "You ain't hurt, are ya?"

"I don't hurt right now, no. But tomorrow, watch out." He brushed a hand over his leathers, dusting them. "It was a good race, anyway."

Tiny snapped his fingers. "Hey, that reminds me. The race wuz a tie. Which you want, the broad or the wine?"

The Indian shrugged. "No matter to me."

"Well, which ya want? I don't care either."

The Indian looked thoughtful. "What does she look like?"

"Well, I wouldn't kick 'er outta bed, exactly."

"She give head?"

"Who don't?"

"Okay. I'll take her."

"It's a deal." Tiny put out his hand. "Hey, what's your name? I'm Tiny."

The Indian took the offered hand. "My friends call me by my Indian name: Santana."

Tiny wasn't impressed by the guy's grip, but he was fascinated with the man himself and the name. Tiny didn't know much about Indians. He wasn't even sure he'd ever met one before. He'd always sort of figured, without really thinking about it, that Indians ran around grunting "Ugh," or "How." But this cat talked better than most white

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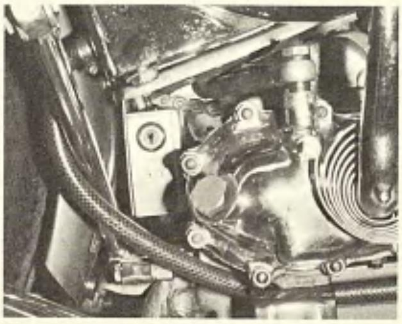
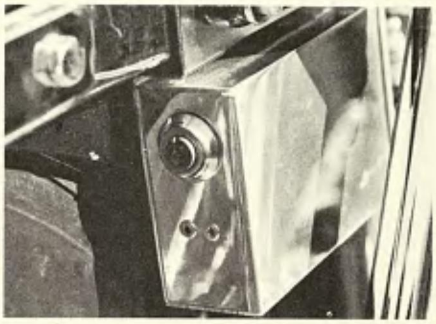


Alarm location on rigid 74.



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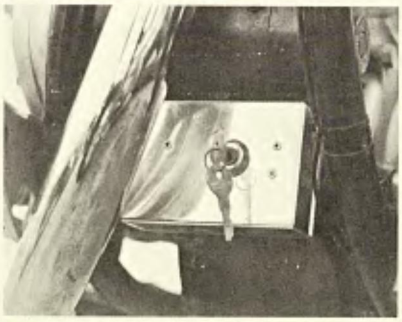

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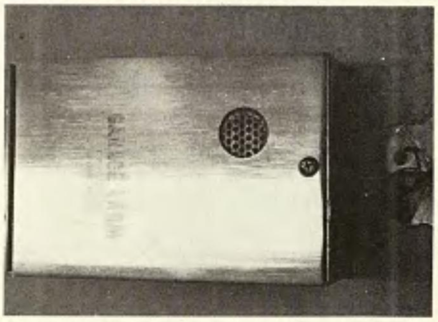

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men that Tiny knew.

"Indian name, huh? You a real, honest-to-gawd Indian?"

"Yes. Kiowa. The original Santana was a famous Kiowa chief."

"No shit? Chief, huh?" Tiny was overwhelmed. He didn't know what to say next. He'd have to think this over. "Well — uh — see ya around, Santana."

"Sure, Tiny. Later."

Tiny wandered over toward the shade of a scrub tree. All he wanted right now was to flake out for a while; the physical exertion of shoving the Hog had done him in—that and all the beer he'd poured down his gullet. One of the Booze Fighters came up, grinning from ear to ear, putting his arm around Tiny and walking along beside him.

"Man," the guy said with a chuckle, "you sure got yer shit t'gether. Stuffin' yer scoot inta that dude was really outta sight!" This guy, like all the other Booze Fighters, was undone with glee over Tiny's performance. He shoved a roach under Tiny's nose. "Christ, man, you turned ever'body on!"

Tiny took a toke on the roach. "Whatta ya mean?"

"Shovin' yer Hog in fronta that dude—that was perfect timin'."

"Whatta ya talkin' about?" Tiny was actually shocked that someone should think he'd done it deliberately. "I lost control o' th' goddam thing, an' it swerved over while I wuz tryin' ta get my pecker back in my goddam pants, that's all."

The Booze Fighter slapped him on the back. "Yeah, Tiny, sure." But it was obvious that the guy didn't believe a word of it.

Tiny was bugged, and he started to explain the whole thing, but just then Moose came up and gave him a whack on the back. "Hey, shithead, I don't mind you rammin' a bike into a guy to put him outta the race, but"—he poked a hard finger into Tiny's ribs—"how 'bout usin' yer own bike next time ya get that urge."

"Goddammit, Moose, I *didn't* ram the bike into 'im!"

"Ya didn't? Then how'd the bike get over there?"

"I mean, goddammit, I didn't do it apurpose — the fuckin' thing veered over in front of 'im while I was puttin' my joint back in my pants!"

Moose blinked. He'd been too busy watching the Indian charge Tiny, to catch that bit of the action on Tiny's part. "Puttin' your . . . joint . . . back in your . . ." He couldn't believe his ears. Either Tiny was wasted, or the sun was gettin' to him, or . . . "What'n hell was your joint doin' out in the first place?"

Tiny sighed and decided to hell with it. Thinking it over, the story sounded phony even to his own ears. Hell, maybe *nobody'd* seen his pride 'n' joy hangin' out, in which case nobody'd believe his story. But he had to give it another try. "I mean it. I didn't deliberately ram the cat. I'm not sayin' I wouldn'ta if I'd thought of it, but I didn't know he was gonna pass me so close."

Reno and Little John roared up on a borrowed bike and jumped off to congratulate Tiny in their turn. Little John handed over a gallon jug of wine. "The Indian said you wanted the grape, 'steada the pig."

Tiny removed the twist-top cap, took a slug, screwed up his face at the rank quality of the rotgut, and passed the jug to Moose.

"Man, you s'prised me," Little John said in a puzzled tone. "I thought you must be goddam horny fer that broad when ya went so far's ta stick yer bike inta that Indian cat—an' then you pick the wine, instead. How come?"

Without thinking, Tiny snapped, "Where the fuck d'ya get the idea I rammed the guy?"

Startled, Little John just stared open-mouthed at him.

Reno took it up. "Relax, Tiny. That guy was aimin' right at you, and when you sent the bike into him I think every Booze Fighter here wet his pants."

Tiny turned on him. "You too? Does ever'body think I done it apurpose?"

"Hell yes, man. You did it right out there in fronta God and everybody."

Again Tiny decided to hell with it. He knew he hadn't planned it, so what the hell. He grinned at Moose and the others. "Anythin' fer the Booze Fighters, right?"

The look of puzzlement finally left Moose's face. He returned Tiny's grin. "Okay, asshole, but next time, you be a champion with yer own bike!"

The whole area around the finish line became a beer bust for the rest of the day—beer bust, freak-out, and smoke-in. Just off to one side of the area was a steep hill that the bikers used for hillclimbs. The more stoned they got, the more daring their exploits. The less daring—and those not stoned enough to be completely insane—lay around on patches of dry grass, in the dirt, on top of cars, or in the backs of pickups, watching the less sensible strain themselves and their bikes in trying to make it up the hill in a race against the clock — and without falling over backward with the bikes on top of them.

A few made it to the top, but it required a long run at the hill, and full power going up. Any hesitation would immediately stop the forward motion, and the bike would then either slide back down the hill—with or without the rider—or flip over backwards so quickly that it took a very alert rider to get clear in time. A few were able to swing their bikes to the side, after failing to make the top, and ride back down the hill at an angle. There were relatively few of these riders, in view of the lack of coordination brought on by the beer, wine, grass, and whatnot that seemed to be in unlimited supply—and use.

Eventually, even those who considered themselves relatively sane got into the act. Nearly everybody convinced himself he could make the top. Even dressers tried it, as the hours passed and things got progressively looser.

But Tiny'd had enough of bike riding for one day, and Reno never allowed himself to get so high that he'd take a chance on damaging his chopper, so they, along with a couple of other Booze Fighters, flopped under a tree and watched the freaks have a go at the hill.

Little John came up with a fistful of goodies and joined them under the tree. And he had news as well as goodies. He passed the goodies around and sprang the news: "Hey, Tiny, now don't get bugged, but I hear that dude you wiped out in the race is gettin' salty. His buddies're tellin' him you done it on purpose."

Tiny couldn't be bothered. "Fuck 'em."

"I also heard he's gonna challenge you."

Tiny nudged Reno, who'd flaked out beside him. "Hey, you wanna have a go at the turd if he drops around?"

Reno sat up, roach in hand. "What? I was trippin'. All I got was 'turd.'"

Tiny took a deep blast and held his breath as he wheezed, "That Indian dude's gonna challenge me fer doin' 'im in. You wanna have a go at 'im? I'm pretty wasted."

"Well, join the club. I couldn't find my ass with both hands. Let Little John handle it."

Little John choked on a lungful of acrid smoke. "Me? Man, you saw

"Look, daddy—just like mummy and the motorcycle rider next door!"

the size o' that mutha. I'd hafta fight 'im from behind—with a club—while he was lookin' the other way!"

One of the other Booze Fighters interrupted his fondling of a young chick to say, "Rae, here, says she'll take care of 'im."

Everybody broke up but Rae, who tried to slug the guy, more for interrupting his fondling than for what he'd said.

"Shit," Tiny told Reno, "I don't wanna fight. I'd ruther get screwed."

"Well, don't look at me, man. You scare me. I'm not sure I could handle big ol' you." They both roared with laughter at the reference to Tiny's remark of that morning in connection with women's fear of the size of his joint.

Tiny belched inelegantly. "Jeez," he said smugly, "I must have six quartsa beer an' at least a gallona wine sloshin' around in me."

Little John corrected him. "You mean that *went through* you." He looked down pointedly at his pants legs, which still hadn't dried completely.

They all laughed again, except Little John, and passed the jug around. Little John took it from Reno and looked suspiciously at it. "This crap got any acid in it?" He looked from Reno to Tiny and back at Reno.

Reno looked hurt. "Do we look like it?"

"Well, shit, I was just hopin'." Little John made a big production out of wiping the neck of the jug with his hand.

Reno gave him another hurt look. "You little fart, what makes you think your hand's cleaner'n my mouth?"

"I know where my hand's been, but God only knows where your mouth's been."

"Okay, asshole," Reno warned, "the next time I get up to piss, I'm gonna stomp ya."

Tiny was lying stretched out on his back, his eyes closed. "You want," he asked Reno, "I should boot 'im in the mouth? I c'n reach 'im from —" He broke off as a hard kick caught the sole of his boot. Tiny didn't even open his eyes. "Okay, ya little shit, we'll *both* stomp ya next time we stand up." Another kick caught the sole of his boot, this one hard enough to sting the bottom of his foot. He opened his eyes to see Santana towering over him, just beyond the toes of his upturned boots. Tiny's eyes got very watchful, but his movements were casual and his voice calm. "Whatta ya say, Santana." He slowly raised his upper body just enough to lean on his braced elbows, smiling easily at the big Indian.

Santana showed no answering smile, but Tiny went on in his cas-

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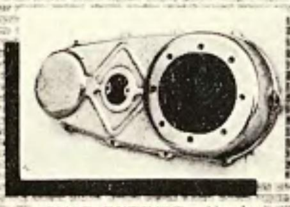
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ual tone: "If you're here ta swap the hooker fer the wine, yer a wee bit late." Behind his easy smile, he was calculating his first move. And it'd better be a good one. He was in a hell of a spot.

"I think you deliberately ran your bike in front of me."

"Shit, Santana, do I look like that kind of a dude?" Tiny calmly lay back flat on the ground and put his hands under his head. "I told you what happened. I gotta admit it sounds pretty weird, but it's the truth."

"I think you're a goddam liar!"

Adrenalin shot through Tiny's body, and the hair on the back of his neck bristled, but he forced himself to lie there in apparently complete relaxation. He didn't want a fight right then. He was tired. And he felt too good. He could always settle with Santana later, when he felt more like fighting. And besides, he was at a hell of a disadvantage, flat on the ground, facing a pair of heavy boots that were ready to land on him at the slightest excuse. He tried once more to avoid a beef. "Why don't you and yer little band of Pancho Villas flop down here, have a little grape, and get gloriously high, like us?"

"I think you're chickenshit!"

Reno'd heard enough. He started a sudden upward lunge, but Tiny's big hand caught his arm at the same instant, giving a hard squeeze, enough to tell Reno to let Tiny handle it.

Santana braced himself, trying hard not to telegraph the fact that he intended to boot Tiny in the head the very moment the big guy made a move to get up.

Tiny had his hands down at his sides now. He was still flat on his back. Then, faster than anyone would have thought possible in a man of his size, his legs had been drawn up and were flying out in a lunge toward Santana. At the same instant, his hands were clawing the ground, forcing his body toward the Indian, giving him more reach. He looked like an acrobat doing a nip-up. Both feet found their mark, right at Santana's belt line.

The sheer quickness of the assault caught Santana off guard, ready as he was, slammed him backward, throwing him completely off balance. Before he could recover, Tiny was up and after him.

Because of his size, Tiny'd never bothered to learn the fancier fighting styles. With him, it was head down and plow ahead, ham-sized fists pounding away like locomotive driverods—and with approximately the same force. Always the aggressor, that was Tiny. In close, which was where he always tried to be, he wasn't the least bit bashful about using his hard head—using it, that is, as a battering ram, butting away like a king-sized goat.

Santana, although a big dude, was light on his feet. He preferred to dance around and away from Tiny, taking hard shots whenever he saw an opening. But Tiny was having none of that; he chased Santana all over the place, staying in close most of the time.

With his head down, Tiny took his share of uppercuts, one catching his nose and sending the blood spraying in all directions. He ignored it and tried to get the fight over with in a hurry. One, two; one, two; right, left, to Santana's midsection, interrupted at intervals by hooks to the Indian's head.

In less than a minute, both fighters were covered with blood.

From his unorthodox fighting stance, Tiny spotted a good many opportunities to let Santana have it in the crotch, but he held off, realizing that with so many different clubs present, such a thing could set off a full-sized riot as clubs took sides. He decided to use his street tactics only when—or if—he had to.

In a matter of minutes, both guys were wheezing and panting. Neither was in condition, and all the stuff they'd drunk, dropped, and smoked was taking its toll. In another minute or so, the two exhausted fighters stood facing each other, a couple of feet apart, aching arms hanging limply at their sides, mouths gasping and huffing and puffing, blood and sweat running freely.

Not knowing why he did it, but knowing damn good and well that it just wasn't done in a brawl like this, Reno yelled, "Time!"

Both fighters and their various supporters breathed a concerted sigh of relief. The fighters flopped down on the ground right where they'd stood, while their buddies poured cold beer on their heads. They rinsed out their mouths with cold wine, swallowing the stuff instead of spitting it out.

Nobody bothered to time the break, but when his heavy breathing slowed and he felt at least somewhat back to normal, Tiny yelled over at Santana, "Ready?"

"Any time, man."

Tiny changed his style this time. He went at Santana in a more nearly classical boxing stance. All he wanted was one good right cross to Santana's jaw. But when the moment came, Tiny was too careless. In throwing the punch, he exposed his gut, and Santana promptly sank a perfect left hook into it. This surprised all hell out of Tiny, to say nothing of the air it knocked out of him.

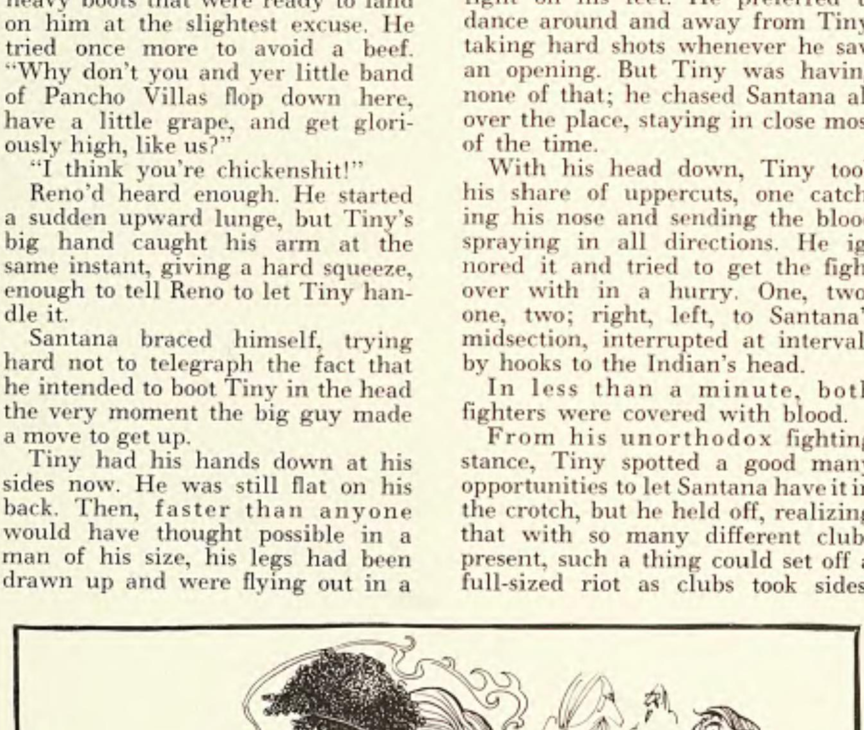
As Tiny gasped for air, Santana hit him with everything he had. Tiny went into a crouch, pulling up his huge shoulders to protect his head, leaving only vast areas of hairy beef for the big Indian to waste his energy on.

Santana wore himself out with the sheer fury of his attack, and Tiny, feeling the lessened steam in the Indian's punches, relaxed a little, catching his breath. Then he jerked his head up and caught Santana under the chin, straightening him up. Another right cross boomed on Santana's unprotected chin, sending him flying backward, out cold before he hit the ground. Tiny automatically started to give the guy the boot, but stopped himself in time and staggered over to let Reno pour a cold can of beer over his head. Reno even wiped his face with a cloth—and then handed him the cloth: a pair of soiled women's panties.

Tiny squinted at them. "Where'n hell them things come from?"

"Little got 'em from the whore."

"Thanks a lot. Here I'm sick from fightin' with my gut fulla beer an'



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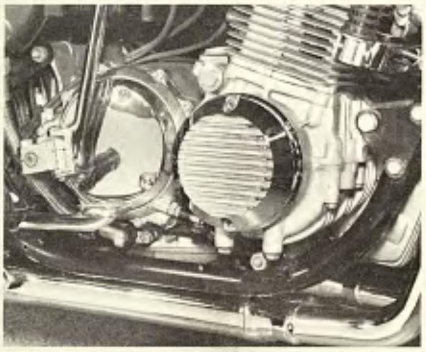

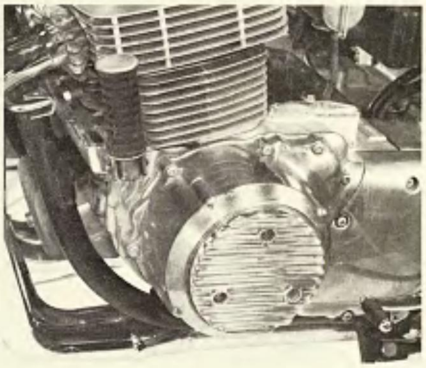

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wine, my nose feels like it's been hit with a hammer, ever' bone in my body aches—an' what do my buddies do? Wipe my face with a pair o' clappy skivvies off a two-bit whore!"

Tiny turned to look at Santana. The guy's buddies had him sitting up, finally. His head still looked wobbly, though. Good, Tiny thought. Maybe now he could get a little rest. He flopped under the tree and went to sleep.

Reno woke him thirty minutes later. "Looks like your Indian pal wants to go again."

Tiny looked over to see Santana on his feet and apparently waiting. "Shit, what I gotta do ta that guy?"

Reno pulled him up onto his feet. "Break something. Disable him, or he'll be buggin' you for a long, long time—and I hate to tell you this, ol' buddy, but this shit you could do without."

Tiny took a deep breath. "Tell me about it, asshole. Tell me all about it." He headed for Santana, grumbling to himself, "Shit, why couldn't this happen when I ain't all fucked up?"

He stopped walking suddenly as he got a few feet from the Indian. Oh-oh, the party was gonna get rough now. Santana had something in his hand, something made of metal. It had to be a knife . . .

But Santana was grinning. "Hey, man," he said, "I've had it. We'll go around again some other time—anytime, anywhere — but I'm just not with it today." His grin widened. "Or," he added, "we could smoke the peace pipe."

Tiny tried hard not to show his relief, but he still kept his eye on the metal thing in the Indian's hand. Then, as Santana held it out toward him, he saw what it was—a peace pipe, a small copper hash pipe. Tiny cracked up, as much from relief as from anything else. "Christ," he roared, "I allus wondered why you Indian cats dug them peace pipes so goddam much."

Peace had returned to that particular area of the Wild West. It was too dark now for anything involving bikes or fists or anything else except—what else? It was bonfire time, orgy time. The sun had long gone down—and to hell with it. Nights were better than days for the more important things in life, anyway. And it was obvious that the breathlessly waiting chicks thought so too. Everybody thought so.

But not Tiny. Tiny'd had it. He crawled into Moose's van, and within two minutes his unearthly snores were rattling everything and everybody within a radius of fifty feet from the van.

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It Must Be Said: —Continued from page 28

on the road. A national program must be inaugurated to teach the car driver how to co-exist with the motorcycle rider on the streets and highways.

It's been suggested that we boycott manufacturers, dealers, publications, or advertisers who promote helmets as the great cure-all for fatal accidents. Might not be a bad idea. We understand, of course, that dirt bike and competition bike advertisements should show and promote helmets. We're speaking here of the street bike scenes used by many bike manufacturers to glorify the helmet as the sole—or at least major—safety factor to be considered.

We are not against helmets. There are times and places for them. Their contribution to safety is well documented. We **are**, however, against being dictated to, being told that we must wear helmets all the time. And we're especially turned off by the basis for the law. If a rider wants to wear one, fine, that's his business. On the other hand, if he does not want to wear one, then that too should be his business.

A boycott could be an effective way of fighting the situation. That's something we could all do. Don't buy **anything** from a dealer who tries to sell you a helmet with a pitch that suggests it'll end all your safety problems. Don't buy the non-competition bike that over-promotes helmets in its advertising. Cancel your subscription to publications that accept and encourage helmet advertising but ignore misleading sales tactics. Whenever and wherever you see the opportunity to voice your displeasure on the subject of helmets, do so, by refusing to buy from guilty parties and by letting them know in no uncertain terms why you are refusing to buy.

We should work toward laws making it possible to sue manufacturers, dealers, distributors, or importers whenever we can prove that they knowingly sold a motorcycle to an inexperienced, unqualified novice, and that the novice was killed or injured because of his lack of knowledge. Selling a potentially dangerous machine to an inexperienced individual has simply got to be wrong.

All this may sound strange to you, but all you have to remember is what the loose situation has cost you—and think about what it will cost you in the future if things don't change. You now have to wear a helmet in most states—even if you've been riding without accident for twenty-five years—simply because of the lack of driver education, lack of tough motorcycle driver license requirements, lack of controls on qualifications of a motorcycle buyer. This must be changed. We must prove that we, the safe drivers, shouldn't be penalized because of the others. We've got to stop shouting into the wind and start doing something positive—like boycotts and lawsuits—to attract attention to our plight.

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Chopper City
Rt. 3, Box 544A
Elizabethtown, Kentucky

Chopper Parts City
314 Grafton Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

Choppers Image
1256 West Forth North
Salt Lake City, Utah

Chopper Shop
2452 Tower Avenue
Sacramento, California

Competition Cycles
5401 Western Avenue
Boulder, Colorado

Creative Customs
2439 Hill Avenue
Toledo, Ohio

Custom Cycle
191 South Arlington St.
Akron, Ohio

Custom Cycle Acc.
U.S. Route 7
Brookfield, Connecticut

Custom Cycle Co.
5224 Fairlawn Avenue
Baltimore, Maryland

Custom Fabrication
901 William Street
Buffalo, New York

Custom Guild, Inc.
303 N. Memorial Park Way
Huntsville, Alabama

Cycle Specialties
2012 South Calhoun
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Cycle Delicatessen
Rd. 3, Route 51
Elizabeth, Pennsylvania

Cycledelic Customs
2208 25th Street
Snyder, Texas

Cyclops Choppers
5022 N. State Street
Jackson, Mississippi

D & D Distributors
800 S. San Fernando Blvd.
Burbank, California

East Coast Choppers
352 A. Broadway
Bethpage, New York

Ed Schlotzhauer Texaco & Cycle
600 Main Street
Boonville, Missouri

Elson's Cycle Center
3546 Barnett Avenue
San Diego, California

Fat Richards
7511 Acacia
Garden Grove, California

Fifth Demention Custom Cycle
7223 Centerville Road
Manassas, Virginia

Fort Walden Cycles
304 Racetrack Road
Fort Waldon Beach, Florida

Georgia Chopper & Cycle Center
Route 1
Kite, Georgia

Glen's Cycle Shop
Route 5
Cedartown, Georgia

H & D Customs
1238 Gillespie Street
Fayetteville, North Carolina

HF Hawkey Creations
Rd. 2, Box 511
Northhampton, Pennsylvania

Heights Cycle Co.
4702 Lomas Blvd. NE
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Honda of Boston
916 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

House of Cycles
10906 S. Michigan
Chicago, Illinois

Jaw Motorcycle Acc. Inc.
362 Hempstead Turnpike
Long Island, New York

Johnny's Custom Cycle
119 Phoenix
Modesto, California

John Spicer & Sons
U.S. Route 1 At Hickory
Bel Air, Maryland

Kennywood Cycle Center
4111 Kennywood Blvd.
West Mifflin, Pennsylvania

Lanpher's Cycle Sales
2015 Erie Blvd. East
Syracuse, New York

Larry's Custom Cycle
4704 U.S. Route 12
Tipton, Michigan

Larry's Cycle, Inc.
222 E. Water Street
Decorah, Illinois

Mama's Custom Cycles
3214 Cumberland Road
Fayetteville, North Carolina

Mass. Speed & Sport
314 Grafton Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

Microfinish Co.
2125 Fern Street
San Diego, California

Midcounty Custom Cycles
2903 Nederland Avenue
Nederland, Texas

Mike's Custom Shop
320 East Dixie
Elizabethtown, Kentucky

Mississippi Chopper Specialties
2811 Market Street
Pascagoula, Mississippi

Mother Lode Cycle Acc.
31 N. Washington Street
Sonora, California

Motorsport Sales & Const.
668 E. Northwest Hwy.
Palatine, Illinois

New England Choppers
398 Spring Street
Fall River, Massachusetts

New Mexico Cycle Acc.
3601 Central NE
Albuquerque, New Mexico

PJS Cycle Shop
1535 W. Forest Home Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Psycho Cycle
511 Brush College Road
Decatur, Illinois

Ranch House Cycle
109 Fort Street
Barling, Arizona

Southeastern Choppers
300 West Avenue
North Augusta, South Carolina

Toledo Choppers
209 First Street
Tolēdo, Ohio

The Cycledelic Shop
11548 Seminole Boulevard
Seminole, Florida

The Hog Shop
16028 Sherman Way
Van Nuys, California

Tracey's MC Repair & Acc.
530 Tonawanda Street
Buffalo, New York

Triangle MC Service
2157 W. Harrison Street
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PERSONALS

Joyce Stack in Wisconsin. Please write me c/o Ruth Forbes, Killarney Castle Club, 170 Wyandotte St. West, Windsor, Ontario, Canada. Life isn't the same without you. Please write. Pete.

DOING HARD TIME — want to hear from bitchin' chicks who dig bikes and high times. Frank Stone 81239, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

I need contact with the free world to stay straight. Please write me. Steve Hone, Box 1000, Morgantown, West Virginia 26505

WANTED

WANTED—set of 80 flywheels, ratchet top and chrome mouse-trap for '50 panhead. J.J.'s, Rt. 3, Box 141-A6, Loring Mill Road, Sumter, S.C. 29150.

Join ABATE—the only national organization that is devoted exclusively to defending and protecting the rights of the street biker. See page 50 for details.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS—*Easyriders* are always interested in purchasing professional photos of choppers. Write on your letterhead for rates and requirements. Pete Chiodo, Photo Editor, *Box 2086, Seal Beach, California 90740*

PROFESSIONAL WRITERS—Read a couple of issues of *Easyriders* thoroughly, and decide if you can (or barf, willing), to write in *Easyriders'*. We want fiction pieces, short stories, poems, short features of interest to hip men. Be sure and read magazine first, don't waste our time with material aimed at Boys Life. Fiction Editor, Box 2086, Seal Beach, Ca. 90740

All clubs and individuals who want to make some easy money, Write for Easyrider's Easy Money Plan. Fairly effortless way of making good money. Box 2086, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740.

Join ABATE
See page 50 for details.

OBSOLETE PARTS WANTED

Need a rod and bearing for a 1964 Matchless 650cc CSR. R. Klein 5963 N. 62nd Street, Milw. Wis. 53218

Need rod assembly or parts to rebuild mine, for a H-D 29JC-10558. Also need set of oversized pistons. Need engine and trans. for a 1917 Indian. E. Koch 315 Girault Ave., Alamosa, Colo. 81101.

SITUATION WANTED

Auto mechanic would like to work in a California chopper shop or related work. Jeff Martin 15917 S.E. 1st St. Bellevue, Wash. 98008.

Professional Artist building bikes, fresh ideas. Contact Marv Jensen, RR#2, St. Ansgar, Ia. 50472, phone 515-736-4637.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON Mechanics — Openings for two qualified journeymen mechanics. Usual benefits, paid holidays, vacation, medical plan, etc. Excellent pay in modern repair shop. Send reply to Bill Atwood, 1813 Revere Beach Parkway, Everett, Mass. 02149.

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Pennsylvania Bikers!

A new organization is being formed to combat arbitrary and anti-bike laws in Pennsylvania. They want members in every county. All it takes to join is a donation and the willingness to do something about the sorry situation in that state. ABATE has agreed to help them in any way it can. Send donation to the Pennsylvania Cycle Riders Association, 566 State Street, Meadville, Pa. 16335.

PARTS WANTED

Need parts for a 1957 English Indian. Would like name and address of store where I can buy parts, or where I can buy a catalog listing parts for sale. A. Flynn, 19 Bayview Ave., Ocean Gate, N.J. 08740

WANTED—set of 80 flywheels, ratchet top and chrome mouse-trap for '50 panhead. J.J.'s, Rt. 3, Box 141-A6, Loring Mill Road, Sumter, S.C. 29150.

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Most obsolete parts are available at D&D Distributors, 800 (Z) South San Fernando Rd., Burbank, California 91502. Write for information, or send $2.00 for 96 page catalog. $2.00 is refundable with first $10.00 purchase.

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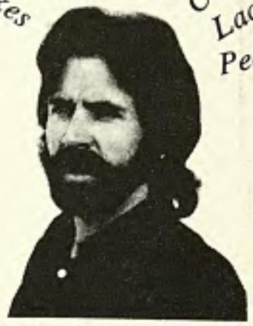

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